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SIXPENCE.

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THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, FEBRUARY 17: THE KING READING HIS SPEECH.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The opening of the Session was rendered remarkable by the attendance of Peersesses wearing, by special permission, their Coronation robes.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We are, happily, at the end of our "co-operation" with Germany. Venezuela has made some payments; the blockade is over, and the Hague Tribunal will now take up the wondrous tale. Berlin is as little pleased as London, and the only person who has any reason to plume himself is Mr. Bowen. Having burnt our fingers with the German chestnuts, we are not likely to "co-operate" with the Kaiser again in any similar adventure, although our high political oracles talk impressively about the moral graces of the European Concert. The European Concert is a blessed thing like the British Constitution, and equally intangible. You never know whether the Concert is applying bellows or a hose to incandescent embers. We have not forgotten its performances in Crete, where England handled the hose and Germany the bellows. But one thing is plain: public opinion in this country will have no more "co-operation" which imperils our interests and gives us five thousand pounds.

The high political oracles sadly avow that they do not know why the Germans dislike us. They would have brotherly love continue. It is a pious sentiment in which everybody joins; meanwhile the Kaiser is increasing his fleet. It is better to preach brotherly love when your fleet is big enough to overawe a neighbour who makes no pretence to be your brother. That, I take it, was the sentiment of the Conference which discussed "the desirability of creating a North Sea Squadron and of establishing a Naval Base on the East Coast." The subject was handled with admirable discretion. If any German had wandered in, brotherly love would have embraced him in the doorway. He would have heard that we have the most friendly disposition towards the whole universe; only we must keep command of the ocean. The Kaiser has said that the future of Germany is on the blue water. Our answer is that the past, present, and future of England are there already. If the German aspiration can be reconciled with the British possession, so much the better for brotherly love. But there is an important distinction. Germany is a great military Power, and her army assures her security. Our security depends absolutely upon our mastery of the sea; and when the Kaiser's ambition challenges that mastery, we must make it perfectly clear to him that his ambition is a vain dream.

We are not all naval experts, and very few of us know anything of that mysterious science which is described with bated breath as the "higher strategy." But we do know, as Mr. George Meredith says, that the Germans are our "urgently stimulating rivals, whose aim is to be the first of the world Powers, chiefly at our expense." We know that they "seek to command the North Sea," and that we must "take the warning they give us, and be armed, stationed, and alert." Many years ago, in very different circumstances, Mr. Meredith wrote in "Beauchamp's Career," these sardonic words: "Patriotic taxpayers exist, no doubt; prophetic ones, provident ones, do not." The patriotic taxpayer may justly say—it was said at the Conference—that for our vast expenditure on defence we do not get a satisfactory equivalent. He is not prophetic, for it needs no prophet to tell us the aims of Germany; he is provident enough, and only asks that his money shall be well expended. He wants to see it spent chiefly on the Navy. Without presuming to have any opinion of the "higher strategy," he has a sensible persuasion that a squadron in the North Sea would be "a useful hint to Germany and a help to our diplomacy." The Conference struck the same note. I hope it will stir the Committee of National Defence, which, having subsisted in a vacuum for years, now wishes to be taken for a remodelled and practical body. We are "a somnolent people," says Mr. Meredith, but not so somnolent as our higher strategists.

There is a sign of wakefulness in the official action which has followed the disclosure of singular practices in a historic regiment. Subalterns have been in the habit of trying brother officers, who have offended caste, or etiquette, or even discipline, and executing sentence with a cane or a billiard-cue. From much confused evidence spring three striking facts: that the condemned have usually taken the punishment lying down; that when they have resisted they have been forced to leave the regiment; that officers who do not favour the public with their names defend this curious system as indispensable to the honour of the Army. There is a wondrous anecdote of an officer who had done something to his discredit, and received such spiritual grace from the cane or the billiard-cue that he became a pattern and an emblem. Contrast this shining example with the profligate spirit of the subaltern who threw three members of his court-martial out of the window! Naturally, he was not deemed good enough to consort with such ministers of justice. He disappeared from their ken, and probably came to a bad end.

The moralists who see a transcendent equity in this procedure attribute it to the beautiful tradition of our public schools. As Tommy Atkins was never at a public school, he enjoys no longer the privilege of being flogged. He must be filled with envy when he hears of the cane or the billiard-cue; and his natural reverence for his officers is doubtless greatly enhanced when he knows that they have taken it lying down, instead of breaking a few judicial necks. The mere civilian, of course, is rather angry. He does not care to pay for historic regiments in which a beating that lacks no circumstance of personal humiliation is supposed to be the salvation of manhood. May I suggest a compromise to the enthusiasts for the billiard-cue as the avenger of military honour? Why not apply it in a different way? The Orientals have an agreeable penalty which they call the bastinado. The culprit catches it on the soles of the feet. This has the social advantage that it requires him to remove nothing more of his apparel than his shoes and socks. That is a concession to dignity and even to decency. Will the advocates of corporal punishment for officers think it over?

Duelling is dead in this country, and the flowers of ridicule bloom pleasantly on its grave. But there seem to be reformers who would like to see it rise again. "If you had not abolished the duel," they say, "this scandal in the historic regiment could not have occurred." The duel perished out of our customs because it was even more grotesque than barbarous. It was impossible to keep up the pretence that an injured man vindicated his honour when he was killed by a superior swordsman or a better shot. In the Army the duel had another and a graver aspect. I have never seen any answer to the argument that an officer dedicates his life to his country, and that he commits treason by risking it in a private quarrel. It is not necessary to enforce that truth now, but it does seem necessary to remind some officers that they have no right to dedicate their lives in time of peace to very little work and a great deal of amusement. The Army is not a private corporation, administered for their personal entertainment. As a branch of the public service, it must conform to public opinion. I fear that the billiard-cue must come down from its eminence in the armoury of justice, and resume its menial office of making peaceful cannons. It is even possible that the lieutenant, as a paid servant of the country, will be required to study his profession. The duel would not save him from insult; for how could he challenge his masters, the taxpayers?

Few of us who applaud after dinner the toast of "The Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces" are aware that one of the most notable auxiliaries is the regimental goat of the Welsh Fusiliers. This illustrious public servant has returned with his regiment from South Africa. Imagine his indignant wonder, when he reached Southampton, to learn that the Board of Agriculture was debating whether he ought not to be slaughtered as a dangerous intruder among our flocks and herds! Had the subalterns of the regiment tried him by court-martial for a breach of etiquette, and sentenced him to an encounter with the billiard-cue, he could not have been more justly incensed. He is one of the veterans of the Boer War, and but for the absurd conventions of the service he would have been mentioned in dispatches. To think that a Board of Agriculture should presume to threaten him with its regulations! Luckily Mr. Hanbury reflected that he could not face Parliament with the blood of "Billy" on his conscience. The Venezuelan "mess" might be obliterated, but not *that*!

A correspondent at Louisville, Kentucky, sends me a specimen of the work which occupies the attention of the Minnesota Legislature. I am glad to set it forth as an example to our House of Commons, which is again in Session after a brief interval of rest. There is a Bill before the Minnesota Parliament to make kissing unlawful unless the contriver and initiator of the kiss "can prove he is free from contagious or infectious diseases." Proof must be forthcoming in a very practical shape. "The certificate of a physician declaring a person to have a weak heart shall constitute a bar to the indulgence of kissing." Moreover, the kisser must satisfy the kissees with documentary evidence of his fitness. Instead of showing conventional surprise, shyness, or indignation, the law-abiding lady will exclaim, not "Unhand me, villain!" after the manner of old-fashioned melodrama, but "Where is your certificate of health?" There are still women, no doubt, who will be led by mistaken compassion to flout the veto on the lover disqualified for tender endearments by physiological weakness. In Minnesota he will see his case among the public sanitary notices, as thus: "To Spinsters and Widows.—Don't Be Kissed by Rufus Q. Vanspooner: His Heart Won't Stand It." I say some ladies will weakly disregard this prohibition; but the majority, with that stern sense of civic duty which has prompted the American Woman to beard President Roosevelt himself, will stand by the wisdom of Minnesota statesmanship.

PARLIAMENT.

The opening of the debate on the Address was not exciting in either House. Lord Spencer praised Mr. Chamberlain, but hoped that the Colonial Secretary's visit to South Africa would not be a precedent for travelling Secretaries of State. Was the promised Education Bill for London to be modelled on the Act of last year? If so, the Opposition would resist it. The Duke of Devonshire said the spirit of that Act still governed the policy of the Cabinet. Ministers were unable to state the nature of the proposals which Russia and Austria, with the support of the other Powers, would press upon the Porte for the benefit of Macedonia. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman asked why no mention of our co-operation with Germany had been made in the King's Speech, and Mr. Balfour referred him to the Parliamentary papers on the subject. The Leader of the Opposition also wished to know whether Mr. Chamberlain had the authority of the Government for all proceedings in South Africa, and Mr. Balfour answered that such was the case. The reticence of the Government about foreign affairs was the subject of animadversion by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. What had led to the Somaliland Expedition? Mr. Balfour said it was not yet possible to relate the whole story. Sir Charles Dilke complained that our co-operation with Germany had tied our hands in a manner without precedent, and dangerous to the national interests. He found the condition of affairs in Nigeria extremely unsatisfactory. Mr. Austen Chamberlain contended that the expedition to Kano had been forced upon us by the hostility of the native chiefs. With regard to Macedonia, the tone of the Opposition was warlike. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said we were bound to apply "drastic remedies." It is evident that the Government view their Irish Land Bill with lively hopes, based, as the Duke of Devonshire admitted, on the pacific spirit in Ireland.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

TOLSTOY'S "RESURRECTION," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

To adapt Tolstoy's overpowering tale, "Resurrection," which is more tract than novel, to the requirements of the stage was no easy task, and it says much for the audacious good sense of the collaborators, M. Henri Bataille and Mr. Michael Morton, just as it makes for the undoubted success of their drama, that they saw that they must tell the strange history of the ruined woman who was reformed by her betrayer all over again, and in a way altogether different from that adopted by the author. Their system of reconstruction, however, has not been, from a theatrical standpoint, quite thorough enough. At any rate, the English version of their work, which Mr. Tree has produced this week at His Majesty's Theatre, is agreeably dramatic during two and a half of its four acts, and then suddenly loses grip, which is not recovered till the very close of the play. Knowing they had to sacrifice so much of what makes the strength and the individuality of the novel—for, of course, the marvellously vivid and detailed, not to say ugly, descriptions of official tyranny and convict misery have had to be provided by the scenic artist and the stage-manager; all Tolstoy's unique portrayal of peculiar physiognomy and physical sensations has had to be supplied by the actors—the two playwrights seem to have resolved at least to set clearly on the stage their novelist's leading idea of the possibility of gradual moral "resurrection." But they have forgotten that changes of mental states, reformations of character, recoveries of conscience, can only be shown profitably in the theatre when they are expressed in terms of emotion, or rather of clashing emotions.

At His Majesty's we have not only the inevitable transformation of a realistic story into a romantic drama, we have preserved only too thoroughly the very weakness of the original, which is excessive didacticism. Still, in the first and larger half of their play, though they have softened down Tolstoy's savage satire of smart society, and made the hero's aristocratic fiancée a creature of most exalted sentiment—though they have left largely to the imagination the horrors of the Russian prison régime—they have contrived a most picturesque and moving fable. Wisely they exhibit first of all Prince Dmitry with poor Katusha in innocence, and trace her fall—described by the novelist but retrospectively—and this device allows of a fine spectacular scene, in which the Prince's peasant tenants sing the Easter hymn. Naturally the law-court episode, in which Dmitry has to sit as a juror ten years later upon his victim, and is roused to repentance, is made much of in the play, and its eccentric jurors are carefully sketched in, especially an obstreperous merchant, quaintly represented by Mr. Lionel Brough. But the great passage of the drama, and that which will ensure its popularity, is the meeting which takes place in the prison between the penitent Prince and the reckless, drunken Katusha. Here, in the passionate revulsion, in the animal rage which the heroine displays, is a great moment for a great actress, and Miss Lena Ashwell proved herself equal to the occasion. The externals of demoralisation—a dogged air of defiance, a coarseness of speech, a slouching walk—Miss Ashwell was expected to, and did, indicate cleverly; it was her emotional vehemence which startled her delighted audience and produced a thrilling, an electrical effect. Of the remaining members of a strong cast, Miss Miriam Clements produced an agreeable impression as the sentimental young Princess; Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton wasted their powers on two far too slightly sketched convict characters; and Mr. Tree alone had anything like a part. Very earnest was his declamation, very striking his make-up in uniform; but Dmitry is less a live person than a mere gramophone exploiting Tolstoyan ideas (the Count being no psychologist). So the acting honours must perforce be assigned to Miss Ashwell; while to Mr. Tree all the credit is due for the superb mounting, the pleasant musical interludes, and the thoughtful stage-management of a profoundly interesting play.

ART NOTES.

It has been a water-colour week in the world of exhibitions: at the Dudley Gallery, at Agnew's, at the Fine Art Society's, and at the Carfax Gallery aquarelle has usurped the walls. Turner sets a standard at Messrs. Agnew's that is but laggingly followed—more laggingly, indeed, than the distance between the leader of genius and the rank and file of mediocrity warrants. The same box, with the same colours, the same sable, and the same paper is put into the hands of the water-colourists of to-day as Turner used nearly a hundred years ago. The exhibitors at the Dudley have, some of them, looked at the same scenes as did Turner; they have made the same motion of the hand for their setting down—but how different the emotions that have guided the hands! Turner, the master, was all his life the follower of Nature, and the continual assailant of Nature, of mountains and sky. That he mastered those things he chose to depict does not obliterate the signs of a technique that, if masterly, was striving at the expression of something all but out of reach. The realisation in paint of an emotion, an idea, or even a substance almost impossible to express, is the sign of genius. Velasquez was greatest when he painted the almost imperceptible delicate shadows on flesh; Goya, when he caught the panic of a group of peasants, although he was unaware wherein the panic lay—in what one figure or face. His genius prompted him to the attempt: his etchings breathe fear. So do Turner's water-colours breathe light and beauty.

At the Dudley Gallery, not one of the two hundred and eighty drawings is the result of a soaring endeavour. All lie in the lowlands of the arts. The seasons are painted with the usual insistence. Autumn has become dowdy in the hands of the sketcher in water-colours; spring is full of no promises; and summer is only commonplace. As there are practically no figure or subject pictures in this year's exhibition, the walls seem papered with a repeating pattern of autumn tints and spring greens, of cottage and field. As in the matter of technique, there is no great ambition in choice of subject, the thatched roof and the oak-tree of England rarely giving place to the cypress and tower of Italy. Among the drawings most worthy of note are those of Mrs. Rose Hake (Nos. 61, 67, and 83); Miss Sylvia Drew (No. 3); and Mr. H. G. Stormont (No. 118).

At the rooms of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street the water-colours illustrating "Rural England," by Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, supply no great variety of subject or style to the visitor from the Dudley Gallery. In another room are drawings of Switzerland, the Italian Lakes, and Spain by Miss Evelyn J. Whyley. The romance of the painting-ground which she has been wise enough to select has forced her style to a certain breadth of measure; while Mr. Pilsbury's titles—"A Quiet Nook," "A Duck-Pond," "Pond by the Wayside," among them—are suggestive of his rural aptitude. Miss Whyley, on the other hand, has had the pleasure of giving names of a grand sound to her landscapes—"A Street of Fuenterrabia," "A Courtyard of Zaragoza," "Aloes and Tamarisk," "The Mediterranean."

Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck exhibits at the Carfax Gallery in Ryder Street studies which have for the most part Rome as their place of birth. Mr. Birkbeck has sought, and found, the picturesque and paintable from the point of view of colour and composition, both of which mean something to him. In "Near Hadrian's Villa" there is the beginning of beauty, and a quality in the contrast of rosy tones with blue, which evades careful search in most of the water-colour of the day. "Cypresses, Villa d'Este," is nobly composed.

At the same gallery an exhibition of Mr. Sargent's smaller pictures and sketches is in course of preparation. This will be very important news, even news that is rather exciting, to many members of the craft; for Mr. Sargent has never revealed his art by showing preliminary drawings or even the work that may be said to be done during the "rests" of his sitters. So busy a portrait-painter has not much time for the slighter branches of his art; but Mr. Sargent has his off-moments, and uses them, whether with his pencil at a show of Javanese dancing in Paris, or with water-colours in a gondola on the Grand Canal. The spring exhibition at Burlington House has often been called a "Sargent show"; but at the Carfax Gallery will be gathered, for the first time in this country, a "one-man" exhibition of the "bye-works" of a prolific painter after a long career.

Mr. Jack B. Yeats exhibits at Walker's Gallery, New Bond Street, a series of sketches of "Life in the West of Ireland." The paper, the outlines, the general tone of the little show, have together a false air of likeness to the work of Mr. Nicholson. The difference, however, is wide, and in nothing more conspicuous than in the quality of draughtsmanship. It is not so much that Mr. Yeats draws ill as that he does not draw; construction is lacking. Nevertheless, he has spirit, movement, and a sombreness as of hills and figures under gloomy skies, which are fairly attractive. Something that it might be too harsh to call ineptitude, in his groups, is excused by the tone of a head against the sky, or the expression of an old pugilist's attitude. Mr. Yeats is no sentimentalist, but he is not unwilling to show once more the pathos of that westward-facing coast. Two drawings—one of them showing "Michael McGowan, Emigrant," in his third-class carriage, and the other "Michael P. McGowan," returning first-class, years later, from the United States—have character; but best of all is perhaps "Catching the Donkey," for this is an animal of spirit. Besides these Irish drawings Mr. Yeats exhibits "other subjects," amongst them a "Simon the Cyrenian" and a "Crucifixion," motives better left alone by a designer whose methods are at the best somewhat trivial and rude.

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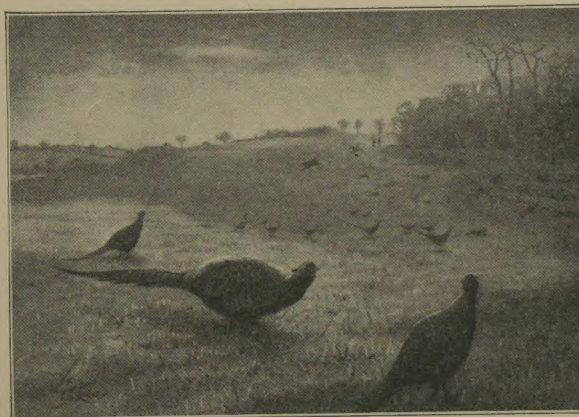
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PERSONAL.

The late Field-Marshal Sir John Lintorn-Arabin Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., who died on Feb. 14, in his eighty-third year, had earned an enviable reputation both as a soldier and as a diplomatist. Entering the Engineers in 1837, he was appointed Inspector of Railways in 1846, four years later becoming Secretary to the Railway Commissioners, and subsequently filling the post of Secretary to the Railway Department of the Board of Trade. From 1854 till 1856 he was British Commissioner with the Ottoman Army; in 1857 British Commissioner for regulating the Turkish boundary in Asia; and from 1857 till 1860 Consul-General at Warsaw. In the latter year he took over the command of the Royal Engineers, remaining at Aldershot until 1865, when he was appointed Director of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. For five years, from 1870, he was Governor of the R.M.A. at Woolwich. Attached to the Special Mission to Berlin in 1878, he attended the Conference at Berlin in 1880, was Governor of Malta from 1884 till 1888, and Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to the Pope in 1889 and 1890.



Photo. Scott and Wilkinson.
THE REV. J. O. F. MURRAY,
New Warden of St. Augustine's College,
Canterbury.

The Rev. John Owen F. Murray, who has been appointed to the Wardenship of St. Augustine's Missionary College at Canterbury, rendered vacant by the death of Canon Maclear, graduated in Honours at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1881, was Crosse Scholar and Carus, Scholefield, and Hebrew Prizeman. Ordained priest in 1883, he has been Whitehall Preacher and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, and at the time of his appointment was Dean and Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Mr. George Laurence Gomme, to whose suggestion we owe the name "Aldwych" for the new crescent street



Photo. Hills and Saunders.
THE LATE F.-M. SIR J. L. A. SIMMONS, G.C.B.,
Soldier and Diplomatist.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LIEUT.-COLONEL FRANCIS LLOYD, C.B., D.S.O.,
New Commander of the 1st Grenadier Guards.

which forms a part of the London County Council's Strand Improvement Scheme, was formerly Statistical Officer and is now Clerk to the Council. Well known as an archaeologist, he has at various times edited the *Antiquary*, the *Archæological Review*, and the *Folklore Journal*. He is a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, a member of the Anthropological Institute, a former President and now Vice-President of the Folklore Society, of which he was the founder, and an honorary member of the Glasgow Archæological Society. His publications include a number of essays on folklore. Mr. Gomme, who was born in London in 1853, and educated at the City of London School, married Alice Bertha Merck, author of "Traditional Games of Great Britain," in 1875.

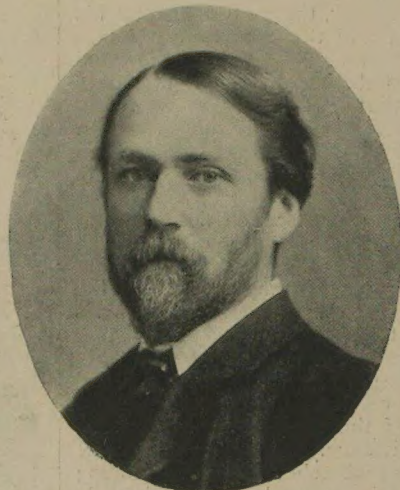


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. G. L. GOMME, F.S.A.,
Godfather of the New Thoroughfare, "Aldwych."

Lloyd, daughter of the tenth Earl of Kinnoull, Colonel Lloyd was educated at Harrow, and in 1874 joined the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's) Regiment. Transferred to the Grenadier Guards in the same year, he became Captain in 1885, Major in 1892, and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1898. His record of active service includes the Suakim Expedition, which he accompanied as Signalling Officer of the Guards Brigade; the battle of Hasheen, for which he received the medal with clasp, the Khedive's Star, and mention in dispatches; the Nile Expedition of 1898; and the recent South African War, in which, as Colonel commanding the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, he was severely wounded at Biddulphsberg. Colonel Lloyd married Mary, daughter of George Gunnis, Leckie, Stirling, in 1881.



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE KING, FEBRUARY 17: THE STATE PROCESSION APPROACHING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Their Majesties proceeded to Westminster in full State, driving in the great gilded coach.

Photo. Biograph.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE KING, FEBRUARY 17.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND CHARACTERS AT WESTMINSTER PALACE.

A prominent figure at the ceremony was the newly enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury, who received cordial congratulations on every hand.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

This year the rivalry among members of Parliament to be first at St. Stephen's on the opening day was keener than ever. Immediately after the stroke of midnight, four members, Mr. W. J. Bull, Major Evans Gordon, Mr. Spear, and Mr. Cumming Macdonald, entered the House and secured seats. It is said that one of these enthusiasts actually appeared at ten o'clock, but the rules of the House denied him admission for three hours. At half-past ten on the morning of Feb. 17 a company of Yeomen of the Guard made the customary search in the vaults of the House for the lurking Guy Fawkes, but nothing was discovered which might reasonably deter his Majesty or his members of Parliament from attending. Beautiful weather favoured the King's progress to Westminster, and large crowds took up positions outside Buckingham Palace, in the Mall, and in Whitehall to see the State procession go by. At twenty minutes past one the head of the cortège issued from the Palace gates. A detachment of Life Guards led the way, and the carriages of the Household heralded the appearance of the great State Coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses. The procession held its way at a walking-pace to the Victoria entrance of the House of Lords. The upper chamber was thronged with Peeresses in their Coronation robes and coronets. When his Majesty had taken his place on the throne, he directed Black Rod to summon the Commons, and on the appearance of the members of the Lower House, the King rose and began his Speech. After announcing that his relations with foreign Powers continued friendly, his Majesty referred to the blockade of the Venezuelan ports, and rejoiced that a settlement had been arrived at. His Majesty referred to the Alaskan boundary question, to the Kano Expedition, and to his Proclamation at the Imperial Durbar. To the House of Commons he announced that the Estimates would necessarily involve a large expenditure. The King's Speech was optimistic with regard to South Africa, and he made a brief announcement of the approaching advance on Somaliland. Referring to public business, his Majesty mentioned that a Bill to improve the tenure of land in Ireland would be laid before the House, and that proposals would be submitted for educational reform in the Metropolitan area. The sugar bounties, the Port of London, the licensing laws in Scotland would also be the subject of projected measures, and improvement was contemplated in the law of valuation, the employment of children, and various other matters affecting the public welfare. Their Majesties left the House of Lords a few minutes after three o'clock, and returned to Buckingham Palace.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT WOOLWICH.

The opening of the nurses' new quarters at the Herbert Hospital by their Majesties gave Woolwich an opportunity of loyal festivity on Feb. 16. At three o'clock the King and Queen, without any state, drove to Charing Cross and took train to Well-Hall Station, which is about a mile distant from the hospital. At the station their Majesties were received by the Home Secretary and the Mayor and Council of Woolwich. The Mayor presented an address of welcome, to which the King handed a written reply. The Mayoress presented her Majesty with a bouquet of flowers, and then the royal party entered their carriage and were escorted to the hospital by a detachment of Life Guards. All along the line of route their reception was most enthusiastic. On the Shooter's Hill Road the Council of Greenwich had erected a stand. There the carriage was stopped, and the Mayor presented an address of welcome, to which the King again handed a written reply. Their Majesties were awaited by the Earl and Countess Roberts and members of the Advisory Board of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service. Lord Roberts received their Majesties, who immediately proceeded to the inspection of the new buildings. Thereafter, the Queen presented the Queen Alexandra medal to each member of the nursing staff. Their Majesties then inspected the surgical wards and the operating theatre, and spoke to each of the 149 invalided soldiers then in hospital. In the various surgical appliances, which were explained to the King by Sir Frederick Treves, and to which his Majesty referred as "these instruments of torture," King Edward showed the greatest interest. In the north quadrangle, the King presented the King's and Queen's South African medal to Major Bradell, R.A.M.C., and the King's medals to twenty-seven non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps. After tea in the day-room of the nurses' quarters, their Majesties took their departure, which, like their arrival, was marked by a salute of twenty-one guns.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

On Feb. 12, with due observance of the ancient ceremonial, Dr. Randall Davidson, the new Primate of All England, was solemnly enthroned in the Metropolitan Cathedral of Canterbury. The public service began at 10.30 a.m., by which time the nave of the



A SUPPOSED AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF DANTE
DISCOVERED IN FLORENCE.

This portrait, which occurs in a fresco of the "Paradiso" in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, is considered by M. Chiapelli to be an authentic likeness. It differs considerably from the accepted likenesses of the poet.

Minster was filled with a large congregation, principally of ladies. Among the earlier arrivals were Mrs. Davidson, who occupied a stall near the pulpit, opposite the Archbishop's throne. With her were Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Benson, and Lord Rosebery. The time of waiting was beguiled by a programme of music discoursed by Dr. Perrin, the organist. At length the procession entered, headed by the bedesmen, after whom walked the Mayor and Corporation of Canterbury in their official robes, and the Mayors of the important towns in the South-Eastern District. Next in order was Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle. A long line of clergy in white robes succeeded, and after them came the King's scholars and the precentor, followed by the choir singing the

entry of the procession the venerable Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Farrar, in spite of his great infirmity, had taken his place in the choir. The formal proceedings opened with the reading of the Mandate, after which the Archdeacon solemnly enthroned the Archbishop, repeating in Latin the words of installation. Morning prayer was next recited and the Canticles sung, and then the procession passed into Trinity Chapel, where the Archbishop was a second time installed and enthroned in the ancient marble chair of St. Augustine. During this part of the service the choir sang a second anthem, Gounod's "Send Out Thy Light." Yet again the Archbishop was enthroned, being conducted to the Dean's stall, in which he was caused first to stand and then to sit, and after the "Te Deum" came the final prayer. This, however, did not end the installation, for a further move was made to the Chapter House, where the Archbishop was placed in the principal seat, and there he took the oath upon an open Bible held by the Archdeacon of Maidstone. The proceedings ended with a command from the Archbishop that an instrument of the proceedings should be drawn up by a notary public. A luncheon in the library followed.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION.

Active preparations are being made for the general advance against the Mullah, and posts on the line of communications have been occupied by details of the 2nd Sikhs, the Bombay Sappers and Miners, the Bikanir Camel Corps, and the King's African Rifles. Major Brooke is in command of the advanced posts, the sectional officers being Captain Walker at Lodabal, Major Davidson at Garbawein, Captain Wynter at El Dibir, and Captain Eustace at Dibit, sixty miles from Obbia.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

A Sofia paper publishes what claims to be a synopsis of the Austro-Russian scheme of reform for Macedonia, in which it is stated that the first recommendation, or condition, is that the Porte shall, under the supervision of the Powers, appoint an Ottoman Christian inspector for each vilayet, each of these inspectors to have been unconnected with Yildiz Kiosk before his appointment, and to remain independent throughout his term of office. Secondly, Macedonia shall be divided into three provinces, the Governors of which shall be selected with the approval of the Powers and shall be subjects of the Porte. Little change in the method of government is meditated. Lastly, European experts shall be appointed to the departments of administration, especially to that of finance.

ACROSS THE SAHARA BY BALLOON.

Since 1891, Captain Deburax, of the French Army, has studied the question of crossing the Sahara by balloon, fitted with a heavy steel guide-rope designed to trail on the ground and regulate the altitude of the balloon. A triangular arrangement of sails was also added, and observations were made to ascertain the constancy of wind currents in the Sahara. Gabes was chosen as the starting-point, and it was believed that at the proper season the winds could bear the balloon to Timbuctoo in five days. A light experimental balloon, "L'Eclair-eur," was set free on Jan. 16, but was seized by a company of Arabs and torn to pieces. A few days afterwards the "Léo Dex," a large passenger-balloon, started from the camp at Ain-Zérig, and at first went swiftly in the expected south-westerly direction, but it was unfortunately caught by a sirocco and borne to Ouled Djellal, a point five hundred miles west of Gabes.

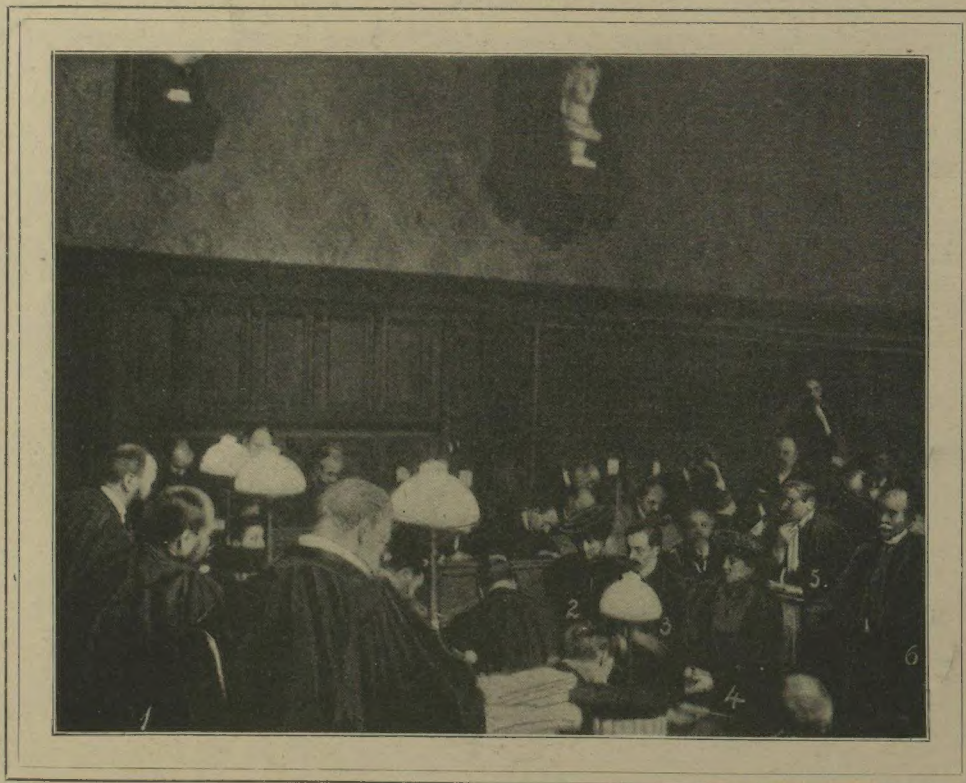
EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Among our smaller Illustrations we give the mass meeting of the unemployed in Trafalgar Square, Feb. 14. The meeting itself was very small, and passed off quietly. It attracted, however, a considerable crowd of spectators. A resolution was passed calling on the Government and the Local Government Board to afford the men the opportunity of maintaining themselves and their families.

Fifteen miles east of Tucson, Arizona, two Southern Pacific passenger-trains came into collision on the early morning of Jan. 28. The debris caught fire, and eleven cars were burned in a few minutes. Eight persons lost their lives. On the same day a terrible collision occurred on the New Jersey Railroad.

A school of whales was driven ashore by the fishermen of Weisdale on Feb. 8. They numbered about a hundred, and varied in length from nine to twenty feet. As the whales lay on the beach, they presented a curious resemblance to torpedoes.

A flock of 3400 sheep which started from the Wakool River, Australia, in April 1902, and traversed many townships, in search of grass, arrived at Coburg five months later, diminished to 2300 head. On reaching St. Kilda, the authorities permitted them to crop what pasturage might be found in the public parks.



1. Judge Puget. 2. Maria Daurignac. 3. Frederic Humbert. 4. Madame Humbert.
5. Maître Robert (Madame's Lawyer). 6. M. Cattail, the Eminent Banker (Plaintiff).

THE HUMBERT CASE: THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THE ACCUSED TO DEFEND
A LIBEL ACTION AT THE NINTH CORRECTIONAL TRIBUNAL, PARIS, FEBRUARY 11.

144th Psalm. There was a great concourse of Bishops, including many from the Colonies. Last in order came the Archbishop, whose train was borne by his nephew, Mr. Ellison, and by one of the King's scholars. Just before his Grace went the Archdeacon of Canterbury (the Bishop of Dover), while the archiepiscopal cross was borne by the Rev. W. J. Conybeare. During the

A GREAT TOLSTOY NOVEL ON THE STAGE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

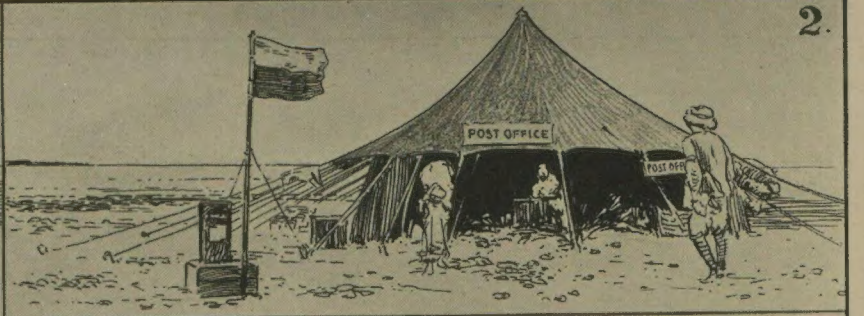
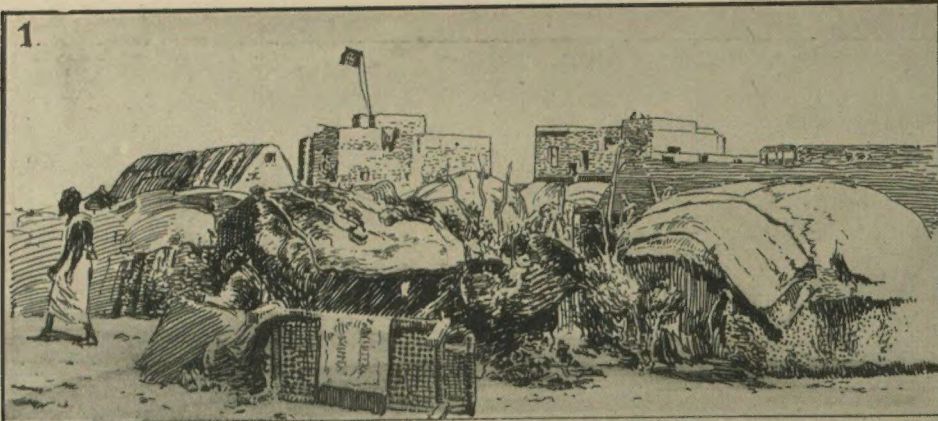


Katusha (Miss Lena Ashwell).

Prince Dmitry Nehludof (Mr. Tree).

THE PRODUCTION OF "RESURRECTION" AT HIS MAJESTY'S, FEBRUARY 17: ACT III., SCENE I.—THE PRISON.

Nehludof, who has ruined Katusha, visits her in prison; but she has forgotten him.



1. OBBIA: THE CONSULATE AND NATIVE VILLAGE.

2. THE ONLY POST OFFICE AND PILLAR-BOX AT OBBIA.

3. BRINGING A CAMEL ASHORE.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: SCENES AT OBBIA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.

The camel is trussed and slung over the ship's side into a surf-boat. The ropes are then loosed, the boat is upset, and the camel is compelled to swim ashore. It has been stated that the British Expeditionary Force is thus losing a large percentage of its camels by drowning. The Sheikh of Obbia was deported by the Italian authorities for obstructing the British operations.



Photo. Hulton.

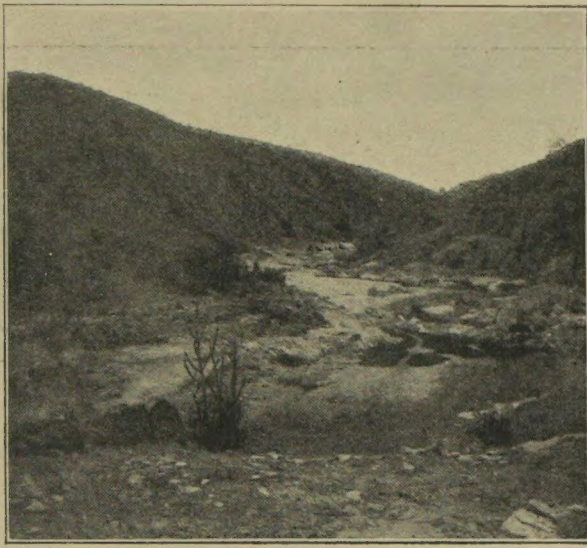
THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO THE HERBERT HOSPITAL AT WOOLWICH, FEBRUARY 16.

Their Majesties opened a new suite of apartments for nurses, and visited the surgical wards, where they spoke with many soldiers invalided from South Africa.

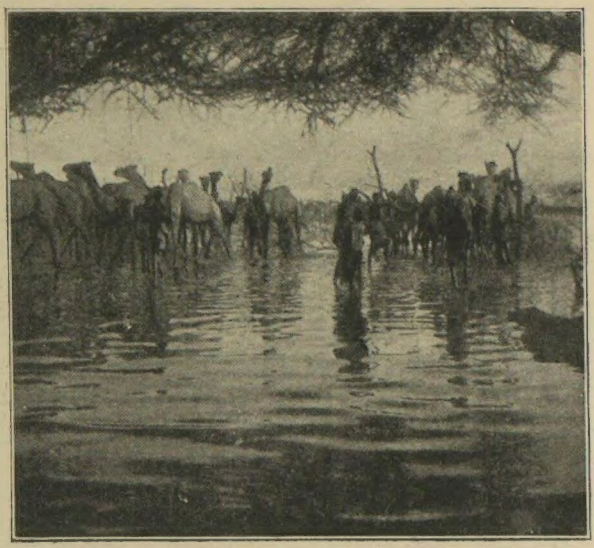
THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO SOMALILAND: PREPARATIONS FOR THE ADVANCE.



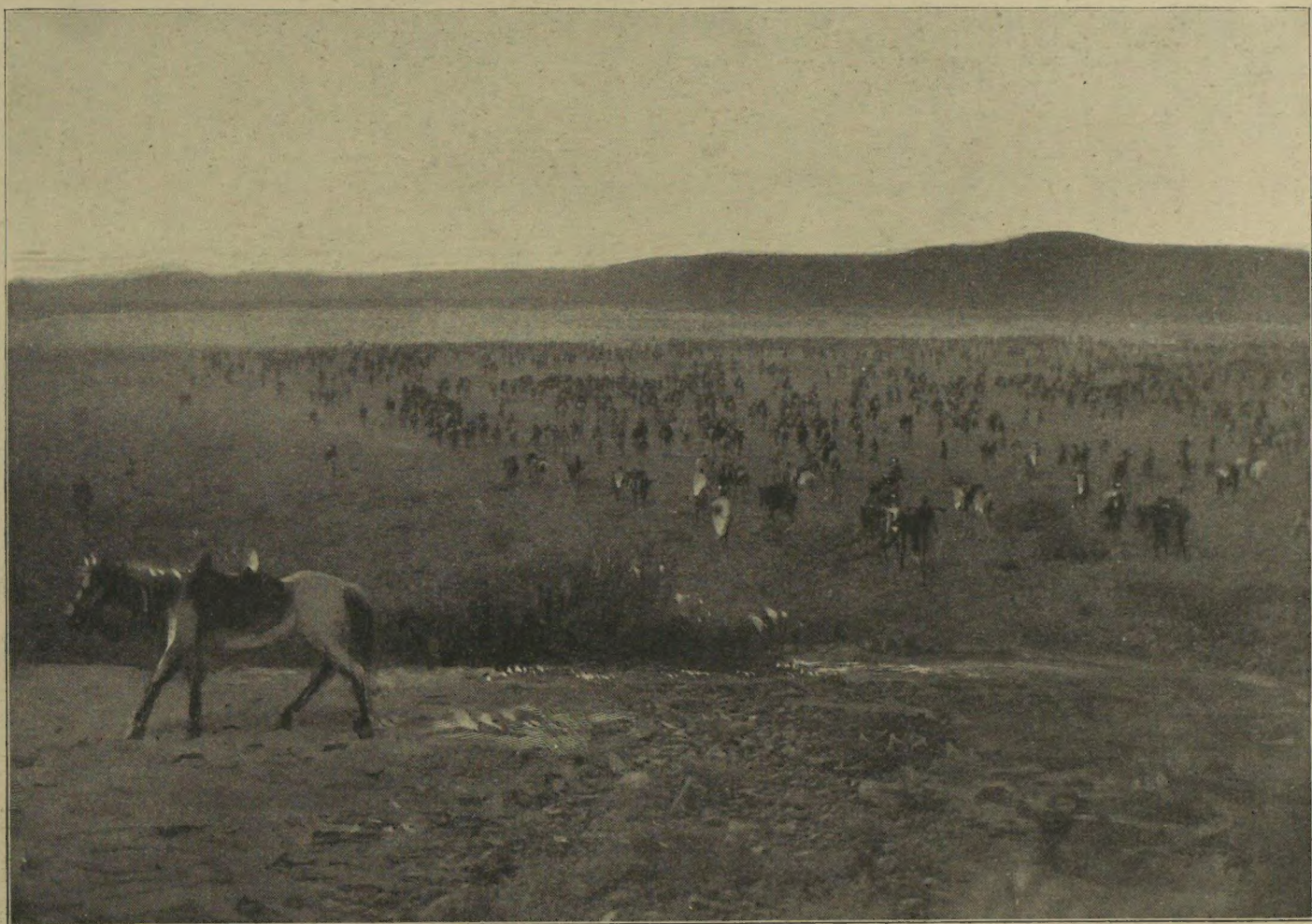
THE QUEST FOR WATER IN SOMALILAND: NATIVES DIGGING WELLS WITH THEIR HANDS.



A STRATEGIC POINT: THE SHEIKH PASS, HELD AT BOTH ENDS BY THE BRITISH.



EXIGENCIES OF CAMPAIGNING: THE BRITISH CAMP FLOODED.



THE ARMY OF THE HAUD (OR STONELESS COUNTRY) ON THE MARCH.



A CAMPAIGNER'S TOILET: PREPARING TO ENTER BERBERA.



LANDING A CAMEL AT OBBIA.



THE WORK OF THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT: INTERROGATING A PRISONER.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CANTERBURY.



DR. RANDALL DAVIDSON INDUCTED INTO THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL THRONE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, FEBRUARY 12.

When the moment for the enthronement came, the mandate was read by the notary public, the new Primate meanwhile sitting in the Archdeacon's stall. At the close of the reading the Archbishop was placed on his throne by the Archdeacon, who recited in Latin the words of installation.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

SILVER TONGUE loved Rosalie, and Rosalie loved Silver Tongue, and ever since they had first met at the Taufusi Club dance their friends had seen the inevitable finish of their acquaintance. They were invited everywhere together, and the affair had progressed from the first or furtive stage to the secondary or solemn Sunday drive about the Eleele Sa. The third, that of carpenters adding a storey to the bakery and dressmakers hard at work in Miss Potter's little establishment, was looming up close in view.

Never was a match in Apia that gave a rosier promise of success. Silver Tongue, so called by the Samoans on account of his beautiful voice (but who in ordinary life answered to the homelier appellation of Oppenstedt), had been making a very good thing out of the Southern Cross Bakery, and was regarded throughout Apia as a man of responsibility and substance. He was a tall, spare German of about forty, who, like the most of us, had followed the sea before Fate had brought him to the islands, there in years gone by to marry a Samoan maid and settle down. The little Samoan had died, leaving behind her nothing but a memory in Silver Tongue's heart, a tangled grave in the foreign cemetery, and a host of relations who lived in tumbledown quarters in the rear of the bakery. In one way and another these hungry mouths must have been a considerable drain on Silver Tongue's resources; and though they feebly responded to his bounty—one by driving a natty cart and delivering hot morning rolls, and another by pilfering firewood for the furnace—the account (if one had been made) was far from even. But to any objection to this Quixotic generosity Silver Tongue had a reply ever ready on his lips. "I love dem like my fader," he would say in his deep, fluty voice, and the conversation was seldom carried further. When it was—by some one ill-advised enough to do so—Silver Tongue would flare up, and recall with flashing eyes and a face crimson with indignation the ten-year debt of gratitude he owed his dead wife's *ainga*.

Indeed, if Silver Tongue had a fault it was a certain moroseness and fierceness of temper, a readiness and even an apparent pleasure in taking offence, that made him somewhat of a solitary in our midst and threw him more than ever on the companionship of his own kanakas; so that at night, when one had occasion to seek him out, he was usually to be found on the mats of his native house, smoking his pipe or playing *sweepee* with his bulky father-in-law, Papalangi Mativa. I doubt if he had another intimate in Apia besides myself, and though I must confess we often disagreed, and once or twice approached the verge of estrangement, I was too much his friend, and too mindful of the old days on the *Ransom* to let such trifles come between us.

I was, besides, Rosalie's friend as well; for old Clyde, her father, had died in my arms at Nonootch, and with his last breath had consigned her to my care. This obligation, rendered sacred by an association that extended back to the days of Steinberg and Bully Hayes, when in the *Moroa* and the *Eugenie* we had slept under the same mats and had played our part together in the stirring times of Stewart and the great Atuona Plantation—this obligation, I say, I met easily enough so long as Rosalie was a child and safe in the convent at Savalalo. But when she grew to womanhood and went to live with her relations in their shanty near the Firm, I began to experience some anxiety in regard to her. Her relations, to begin with, were not at all the kind of natives I liked. They had been too long the hangers-on of the Firm, and had seen too much of a low class of whites to be the proper guardians of a

very pretty half-caste of eighteen. They had an ugly name besides—but I won't be censorious—and it may have been all beach-talk. But they were certainly a whining, begging lot: the girls bold, and the men impudent and saucy, and I never saw Rosalie in their midst but it made me heart-sick for her future. I did the little I could, and let it be pretty well understood about the beach that the man who played fast and loose with her would have to reckon with old Captain Branscombe. And then I got the missionary ladies to take her up, and as I never stinted a bit of money for her dresses and what-not (as though Clyde's daughter wasn't worthy of the best in the land), she made good headway in what little gaieties took place in the town. Of course I went about to keep an eye on her—that is, when they asked me to their parties, which wasn't always; and I remember once making very short work of one fellow, a labour captain from the Westward, who seemed bent on mischief till I took him out in the starlight and showed him the business end of my gun. To tell the truth, I never had a peaceful moment till he up anchor and cleared; for he was a good deal the kind of man I was at thirty, and he hung on in spite of me, keeping half the family in his pay while I kept the other, and he even landed the first night with muffled oars, when instead of finding Rosalie on the beach to fly with him he ran into me, laying for him under an umbrella!

There were many who said I was in love with the girl myself, which, as like as not, was true; for she was one of those tall, queenly women, with a wonderful grace to anything she did, and magnificent dark eyes, and a way of smiling, brilliant, arch, and tender, that made even an old stager of sixty remember he still wore a heart under his jumper. Yes, I had a pretty soft spot for Rosalie, though I had sense enough to know that God had never meant her for an old sea-horse like myself. And lacking me—whom the weight of threescore years had put out of the ring (not but what I'm a pretty game old devil yet)—I could see nobody in sight I preferred half so much as Silver Tongue.

So there was the situation till the war of 'ninety-three came along to jumble us all up and knock everything to spillikins. Oppenstedt in love with Rosalie; Rosalie in love with Oppenstedt; Bahn and old Taylor working on the second storey of the Southern Cross Bakery; Miss Potter doing double tides at the trousseau; and I, the friend of both, with a six-hundred-dollar piano on the way from Bremen for their wedding present. A fair wind, port in sight, and (say you) everything drawing nicely a low and aloft. So it was till that wretched fight at Vaitele when the Vaimaunga came pouring in at dusk, bearing wounded, chorusing their songs, and tossing in the air above them the heads of their dead enemies. It made me feel bad to see it all; for to me these people were children, and it seemed horrible they should kill one another, and it made me sicker still to watch the wounded carried into the Mission and stretched out in a row on the blood-stained boards. Though not a drinking man, I braced up at Peter's bar and then went on to pass the time of day with Oppenstedt.

I found him, as usual, on the mats of the native house, glumly smoking a pipe and talking politics with Papalangi Mativa. His lean, dark, handsome face was overcast, his eyes uneasy, and had I not known him for a brave man, I should have thought that he was frightened. He was certainly very curt and short in greeting me, and I had a dim perception that my visit was unwelcome.

"This is a black business, Silver Tongue," I said; though to be exact I called him Leoalio—which means the same thing in native.

"Plack!" he exclaimed. "It's horrible! It's disgusting. They have been cutting off people's heads!"

"Fourteen by one count," I said. "Twenty-two by another."

"Gabtain," said he, with a look of extraordinary gravity, "dere's worse nor that!"

"Worse," I said.

"I have it straight from Papalangi Mativa himself."

"Have what?" I asked.

"Excellency," said Papalangi Mativa, "perhaps it is not high-chief-known to thee that I and mine come from a noble Savai'i stock, and that the sen of my mother's sister, a stripling named O, numbered himself among the enemy, and was to-day killed and his head taken on the field of Vaitele."

"Aue!" I said, which in Kanaka is being sympathetic.

"Dat is not all," said Silver Tongue. "Listen, Captain!"

"I'm listening," I said.

"The warrior that killed O was To'oto'o, the *matai*," continued Papalangi Mativa, with the air of one announcing the end of the world.

"To'oto'o!" I said in all innocence.

"To'oto'o," cried Silver Tongue; "why, Rosalie's uncle, the *faipule*, in whose house this very minute the head of my murdered relation lies!"

"Pon my soul," I exclaimed, "this is really unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!" cried Silver Tongue. "Is it with such a word you describe two hearts broken, two lives plasted, the fairest prospect with suddenly crash the curdain led down?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. "It's disagreeable, I admit, but I don't see what difference it can make to you and Rosalie."

"An Oppenstedt," said Silver Tongue, "could never indermarry with the family of a murderer, and least of all with a family that had the head of my dead wife's relation cut off and carried with gapers and cries of joy down the main street of Apia and past my place of peezeiness!"

"Do you mean to say it's all off with you and Rosalie?" I demanded.

Silver Tongue nodded grimly. "All off," he said.

"And you're going to break my girl's heart," I cried, with what I think under the circumstances was a very justifiable indignation, "because the son of the aunt of your father-in-law has had his head cut off by poor Rosalie's adopted uncle?"

"That's right," said Silver Tongue.

"Old friend," I said, "let me go before I say something I might regret." I got up without waiting for any answer and strode into the street, too consumed with anger to utter another word. I walked along the beach, stopping here and there to discuss the news of the battle with those of my friends I happened to meet, until at last I passed Savalalo and drew near To'oto'o's house at Songi. Rosalie was standing at the gate, and when she saw me she ran up, threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me. I had never known her so excited or so gay, and even in the dark I could see that her beautiful eyes were shining.

"Captain," she said, giving me a hug, "nobody will ever say a word against To'oto'o again, or try to belittle him as they used to, just because he's poor and lives on Sen's land, for to-day he fought like a lion and covered himself with glory!"

"Took a head, or something?" I said.

"A hero!" she exclaimed. "They are composing a song in his honour; all Songi is ringing with his

name; and he was complimented for his valour by the President and Chief Justice! You must come in and see it at once."

"See what?" I asked.

"The head!" she cried.

I haven't the heart to write how the news was broken to Rosalie, who steadfastly refused to believe the truth until she had heard it from Silver Tongue himself. I had hoped he might relent, with a night to think it over and a letter from myself in the morning pointing out his injustice and folly. Perhaps, now I remember it, that letter was a mistake. It was a trifle warm in spots, and I daresay I let a natural warmth get the better of me. Be that as it may, Oppenstedt was deaf to reason, and protested with undiminished vehemence that he refused to ally himself with the family of a murderer. Indeed, so ridiculous did he get on the subject, that he sent to Sydney for a tombstone (I daresay I wrote headstone, though it was one, about the size of a silk hat) and put it behind the bakery above the spot where O's head was buried in a gin-case.

When a girl has gone a certain length she seems less able than a man to withstand a disappointment in love. Silver Tongue simply clenched his teeth, withdrew from the Concordia Club and the Wednesday night bowls at Conrad's, and went on baking bread and rolls much as usual. Poor Rosalie drooped like a flower in the sun, and though she had pride enough to act a part and show a becoming spirit before the world, she had received a wound that I sometimes feared might prove mortal. I sent her to Tonga Taboo for a month and she came back no better, her eyes black-ringed and her cheeks hollow, and her smile (always to me the most beautiful smile in the world) with a curious haunting pathos that I remember so well in the old slaving days among the Line women in their chains.

You must not think I tamely acquiesced in this state of affairs, or allowed my old friend an undisturbed possession of the Kanaka quarters behind the bakery. Late or early I gave him no peace, and plagued him, I daresay, to the very verge of distraction. But I might as well have tried to argue with his bread or soften his brick furnace, for any impression I succeeded in making upon him. In his crazy obstinacy he would listen to nothing, and I would find myself, after one of these interviews, in a state of indescribable exasperation and determined never to go near him again.

One night, when I was up at Malifa, calling on a dear, good friend of mine, Sasa French, a charming and most accomplished young native lady, our talk happened to run for the thousandth time on this vexing matter of Rosalie and Silver Tongue. All of a sudden an idea came into Sasa's pretty head—one of those brilliant, clever, feminine ideas—that seemed to us, in that triumphant moment, to be the means of untangling all our difficulties. Though it was eight o'clock, and there was the risk of gossip in my driving Sasa French alone about the Municipality at such an hour, I put her into my buggy, whipped up my horse, and set a straight course for Seumanutafa, the High Chief, of Apia. He laughed a good deal, demurred somewhat, and was finally persuaded to squeeze his Herculean dimensions into the trap and start off with us for To'oto'o's house at Songi. Here, after the usual ceremonious exchanges, the women-folk and children melted away and left us alone with To'oto'o, whose ferrety eyes betrayed no small degree of curiosity and alarm. This man was one of the few Samoans I never liked. He was a gaunt, dangerous, crafty-looking customer of about fifty, and I never had had any use for him since he had stolen my tethering-rope one evening when I was calling on the King. Well, to get on with my story, we talked about the weather and the war, and what an ass the Ta'itai'ifono was, and finally got round to the matter in hand.

Seumanutafa began mild, for he was a past-master in the art of graduation, and thought to go slow at first. To'oto'o was informed that he had to make *infonga* for the death of O, and be carried on the morrow by the *taulelea* to Papalangi Mativa's house behind the bakery. This *infonga*, as they call it, is a sort of public humiliation to expiate a fault, and nobody's very keen about doing it unless they have to, for it involves rubbing dirt in your hair, and singing small, and suffering a sort of social eclipse for a week or two afterward. To'oto'o's face grew several shades darker at the suggestion, and though I promised him twenty dollars out of hand for himself, and two kegs of beef and three tins of biscuit by way of peace-offering to Papalangi Mativa, he hemmed and hawed and finally said no.

Then Sasa bore a hand, and spoke beautifully of Rosalie and how this unfortunate business of O's head had divided her from Silver Tongue.

"If thou makest peace with his *ainga*," said Sasa, "lo! what is there left for the white man to say? His bond is that of marriage; theirs, that of blood; and if the last be satisfied, what room is there for the former to complain?"

"But to be carried like a pig through the public street," said To'oto'o. "Preferable far would be death itself than that the son of chiefs should be thus degraded, and his name become a mock throughout the Tuamasanga!"

"O To'oto'o," said Seumanutafa, "we know thee for a brave man, and that thou took'st this head in open battle even as David did that of Goliath, and I swear to thee thy honour shall remain undimmed, for all the seeming appearance of humiliation. Besides, is it not written in the Bible that thou shouldst turn the other cheek to the smiter? Is it not said also that blessed is the peacemaker, and that the meek shall inherit the earth?"

"Weighty is my grief and pain," said To'oto'o, "but what your Highness asks of me is impossible."

"O To'oto'o," said Seumanutafa, "this house is mine; this land is mine; the plantation *i uta* is mine also. You live under the shadow of my power, and it is meet thou shouldst pay in service for the bounty you have so long enjoyed. First I spoke to thee as one

brave man to another; then as a Christian to a fellow-Christian; now I command thee as thy Chief, and verily thou shalt obey!"

"And I will add to that twenty, making it twenty-five," I said.

"And Rosalie shall marry her Silver Tongue after all," said Sasa.

To'oto'o argued a little more for form's sake and blustered somewhat about the Chief Justice and how he would fight the matter out in the courts; but Seumanutafa's tone grew peremptory, and the old fellow finally gave way all round. Then 'ava was brought in, the arrangements made for the morrow, and we at length said *tofa* on the threshold, well pleased with our night's work.

I wish you could have seen us next day going through the town in a little procession headed by To'oto'o lashed to a pole and borne by a crowd of retainers. There was a flavour of the burial of Sir John Moore about the whole business—especially the hush, and not a funeral note being heard—we marching with measured tread, the municipal police bringing up the rear, and Seumanutafa in the centre, nearly seven feet high, and bearing a white umbrella above his stately head.

Silver Tongue was standing in the front of his shop having an altercation with the Chief Justice about a ham (for he did a little in groceries as well as baked) as we hove in sight and began to file down the lane to Papalangi Mativa's quarters behind the Southern Cross Bakery. I suppose Silver Tongue thought our man was hurt or something, for he came running after us with a bottle of square-face and a packet of first aid to the wounded, elbowing his way excitedly through the crowd to where we had deposited To'oto'o at the feet of Papalangi Mativa. He was the most astonished baker in the South Seas as he saw who lay there in the jumble of beef and biscuit, and for a moment was too stupefied to let out a word.

I don't mean to go into the speechmaking part of the performance; for what between Seumanutafa and Papalangi Mativa, and the talking-man Sasa had lent me for the occasion, and a divinity student who happened along, and somebody who said he was Fale Upolu and spoke for the entire Group, and an aged *faipule* from the Union Islands who seemed to have some kind of a grievance about his father's head, and the Chief Justice, who had to butt in with the capitation tax—we were kept there a matter of three hours or more, until at last the principals officially made it up, To'oto'o was forgiven, and everything ended happily.

"Now, Silver Tongue," I said as the meeting dispersed, "we'll consider that head affair cancelled, and if you'll come over to my house to-night I daresay you'll find Rosalie sitting on the front verandah!"

"And do you for a moment think," he said, with a strange, writhen smile, "dat all dis talk and domfoolery will a gruel murder undo, and the young man cut off in his brime restore? Weel those lips, so gold in death, stir, think you, in the box where we laid him? Will my dead wife's family be less bereaved because of two kegs of peef and three tins of biscuit, or Rosalie's family less disgraced because her uncle was triced through the streets like a big? No, Captain Branscombe, I'm only a poor paker, but I'd count myself a traitor to my family were I to dake a murderess for my pride!"

"Rosalie isn't a murderess," I said.

"I meant niece of a murderer," he returned.

I was too overcome with indignation to utter another word. In the course of sixty years on this planet I've seen many kinds of men, and I've learned to detect in some a certain look about the eyes—a curious light and a far-away dreaminess of expression—that seems always the sign or mark of an unflinching obstinacy. I remember that selfsame look on Brand's face as we lay all flattened on the water-tanks of the *Moroo*, and he blew the main-deck off the ship, together with three hundred human beings; and I guess the Christian martyrs had it, too, when lions tore them to pieces and bulls kited them on their horns in the Colosseum. Anyway, it was as plain as daylight that I had lost my time and money in bothering about Oppenstedt, and that I might as well give him up as the most incorrigible, stiff-necked, self-opiniated, blunder-headed ass and lunatic this side of Muggin.

I gave him a wide berth after this and took the other side of the street when I saw him coming; while he, for his part, would have cheerfully run a mile for the chance of avoiding me. I had cares of my own, too, about this time, what with the loss of the *Daisy Walker* and my libel suit with Grevsmuhl, and other things to think about than that of bringing twin souls together. So the days drifted on and months came and went, and it seemed all over for good between Rosalie and Silver Tongue. Then that labour captain turned up again—him I had had trouble with before, a black-eyed, fierce, handsome little fellow, who was hotter than ever after my girl. Rosalie was just in the humour to do something awful, for she was desperately unhappy, with spells of wild gaiety between, and a recklessness about herself that frightened me more than I can tell. She laughed in my face when I warned her about the labour captain, and told me straight out she was only a half-caste and it didn't matter what became of her. And from the way she carried on and got herself talked about from one end of the beach to the other, it began to look as though she meant what she said. Altogether I felt pretty blue about her and savage enough against Silver Tongue to have—Well, what on earth could I do? What could anybody do? Why had God ever made such a silly ass of a baker?

One day I got a note from Sasa French that took me up to Malifa at a tearing run. Scanlon, the half-caste policeman, was there, and when I had listened to his story I threw my hat in the air and shouted like a boy, and Sasa and I waltzed up and down the verandah to the petrification of two missionary ladies who happened to be passing in tow of some *gazaber* from the Home Society. Sasa and I plumped into a

buggy, and with Scanlon on horseback pounding behind us, we made all sail for Seumanutafa's. Bidding him follow, we then raced off to Mulinu'u, where, sure enough, we found a young man named Tautala in one of the houses, who brought out the music-box and very soon satisfied me as to the truth of what Scanlon had said. Then at a slower pace, so that Tautala might keep up with us, we walked to To'oto'o's house and taxed him with the whole business.

At first he made some show of denying it; but what could he say with Scanlon and Tautala risen witness against him? He tried to refuse to come with us (which would have spoiled everything) until Scanlon took a hand in the fray, and let his imagination run riot about the law, which, as he was the official representative of it and wore a pewter star on his breast, soon settled To'oto'o's half-hearted objections. If anything else were wanted, it was the arrival at this juncture of Seumanutafa at the head of a dozen retainers, who added the finishing stroke to the little resistance To'oto'o had left. Then we all started off for the Southern Cross Bakery, and, as we walked slowly and naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and as we told everyone we met where we were going to, and why, we grew and grew until, as I looked down the procession I couldn't see the end of it. The Chief Justice was sucked in. Likewise the president. Marquardt, the Chief of Police, joined us; Haggard, the Land Commissioner; some Mormon missionaries; two lay brothers from the school; a lot of passengers from the mail boat, with handkerchiefs stuck into their collars; Captain Hufnagel, on horseback with a small army of Guadalcanaar labourers; half the synod of the Wesleyan Church in white *lavalavas* and hymn-books; a picnic party that had just returned (not wholly sober) from the *Papase'ea*; bluejackets from the *Sperber*; bluejackets from the *Walleroo*; three survivors of the British barque *Windsor Castle*, burned at sea; a German scientist in Jaeger costume with blue spectacles and a butterfly-net; six whole boatloads of an *aumonga* party from Manu'a; a lot of political prisoners on parole; two lepers; and Charley Taylor!

It was well we had brought Marquardt with us, for he and his police caught the humour of the thing, and on reaching the bakery formed us up in a great hollow square, with one side blank for Silver Tongue, who stood and gazed at us transfixed from the shade of his verandah. Then Seumanutafa, Sasa, Scanlon, Tautala, To'oto'o, and I broke ranks and marched up to him.

"Old man," I said, "if you were to think a year you'd never guess what brought us here to-day!"

"It's O's head again," he said, grinding his teeth and casting a vitriolic glance at To'oto'o, "and if there was any law or order in this God-forsaken land"—he looked daggers at the Chief Justice as he said this—"that feller would have got short jift for murdering my fader-in-law's aunt's son!"

"He didn't murder him," I said.

Silver Tongue's jaw fell. He looked at us quite overcome. For a minute he couldn't say a word.

"Oh, but he deed," he said at last.

"It was Tautala that killed him," I said, indicating the young man we had brought from Mulinu'u; "and it turns out he sold your relation's head to To'oto'o for seven dollars and a music-box." At this, smiling from ear to ear, Tautala held up the music-box to public view and would have set it going had not something fortunately caught in the works.

"It's a lie!" gasped Silver Tongue. "It's a lie!"

"Scanlon himself was at the battle," I went on, "and he saw the whole thing, and was a witness to Tautala getting the seven dollars, and he made To'oto'o pony up four dollars more as the price of his own secrecy."

"Four dollars," ejaculated Scanlon. "That's right, Captain Branscombe. Four dollars!"

"So, if you are angry with anybody," I said, "you ought to be angry with Tautala. All To'oto'o did was to buy a little cheap notoriety for eleven dollars and a music-box."

I never saw a man so stung in all my life as Oppenstedt. The eyes seemed to start from his head, and he glared at To'oto'o as though he could have strangled him. Tautala was quite forgotten in the intensity of his indignation toward Rosalie's uncle. You see, he had been hating To'oto'o ferociously for six months and couldn't switch off at a moment's notice on an absolute stranger like Tautala. Besides, his hatred for To'oto'o had become a kind of monomania with him, and now here I was telling him what a fool he had made of himself, and proving it with two witnesses and a music-box. No wonder that he was staggered.

"Now, old fellow," I said, "we'll call bygones bygones, and maybe you'll let us see a little more of you than we've been doing lately."

"You mean Rosalie, of course," he said, snapping the words like a mad dog.

"Yes, Rosalie," I said.

"Captain Branscombe," he said, his face convulsed with passion, "that gossommate liar and hypocrite has made such a thing impossible. Far rader would I lay me in the grave—far rader would I have wild horses on me trample—than that I should indermarry with a family and bossibly betaint my innocent kinder with the plood of so shogging and unprincipled a liar. A man so lost to shame, so beplunged in cowardice and deceit that he couldn't his own heads cut off; but must buy dem of others and faunt himself a hero while honest worth bassed unnoticed and bushed aside!"

"It was honest worth that chopped off the head of your fader-in-law's aunt's son!" I said.

"Captain," he returned, "there are oggassions when in condrast to a liar—to a golossal liar—to one who has made a peezihness of systematic deception—a murderer is a shentlemans!"

"Oh, you villain baker!" cried Sasa, joining in. "You make *tongafiti*. You never want marry the girl at all. All the time you say something different. Oh, you bad mans, you break girls' hearts—and serve you right somebody cut your head off!"

"Wish they would," I said, out of all patience with

the fellow. "First he can't marry Rosalie because her uncle's a murderer. Now he can't marry her because her uncle's a liar. Disprove that, and he'd dig up some fresh objection!"

"I love her! I love her!" protested Silver Tongue.

"Come, come," I said, "you aren't marrying the girl's adopted uncle."

"A traitor do my family? No, Gaptain, dat is what I can never be," said Silver Tongue.

"Traitor—nothing!" I said.

"Oh, the silly baker," said Sasa.

"He speaks like a delirious person," said Seumanutafa.

"Now about that ham," said the Chief Justice, belligerently coming forward and speaking in rich Swedish accents; "when I send my servant for a ham, Mr. Oppenstedt, I want a good ham—not a great, coarse, fat lump of dog-meat—"

"Let's go," I said to Sasa; "Captain Morse is holding back the *Alameda* for a talk, and I know there's an iced bucket of something in the corner of his cabin."

"Wish the dear old captain would land and punch his head off," said Sasa vindictively.

"Whose head?" I asked.

"Silver Tongue's," she returned.

Sasa had always plagued me to get up a moonlight sailing-party on the *Nukanono*, a little fifteen-ton schooner of mine that plied about the Group. From one reason and another the thing had never come off, though we had talked and arranged it all time and time again. Now that I had remastered her and overhauled her copper and painted her inside and out, the subject had bobbed up again; and as I couldn't make any objection, and as the moon, for the first time in seven years, had happened to be full at the same moment when the vessel happened to be free, Sasa informed me (in the autocratic manner of lovely woman dealing with an old softy of a retired seahorse) that the invitations were out, the music engaged, and that my part was to plank down fifty dollars, keep my mouth shut, and do what I was told.

I perceived from the beginning that there was something queer about the trip, for Sasa, usually so communicative, could scarcely be induced to speak of it at all; and then when she did it was with such a parade of mystery and reserve that I felt myself completely baffled. However, like the jossers in the poem, it wasn't for me to reason why, and I obediently ran about the beach, did what I was bidden, and discreetly asked no questions. I confess, though, that on the day itself my curiosity began to reach the breaking point; when I was told, with gentle impressiveness, that I was to remain in my house till the minute of nine forty-five, pull off quietly to the *Nukanono*, board her by the fore-

chains, and crouch there in the bow till I was told to get up! It was a glorious moonlight night as I got into Joe's boat and saw the *Nukanono* across the bay, her loosened sails flapping in the first faint breath of the land-breeze and her booms sparkling from end to end with Chinese lanterns. The water was like black glass, the outer reefs for once were silent, and the downpouring air from the mountains was fragrant with *moso'oi*, and so warm and scented against the cheek that I doubt not but what you could have smelled Upolu ninety miles to leeward. As we drew nearer the sound of girls' laughter, the tuning of musical instruments, the hum and talk and gaiety of a large company floated over to us from the schooner's deck, wonderfully mellowed by the intervening water and (as it seemed to me) softened into a sort of harmony with the night itself.

However, I did not allow these reflections to put me off my duty or make me forgetful of the strict commands I had previously received from Sasa. I

came up softly under the bow of the *Nukanono*, dismissed Joe in a whisper, and climbed silently to my appointed station. I had not been there a minute when I felt Sasa's hand on my shoulder and heard her say softly in my ear, "*Malie*," which, in Samoan, means "good" or "well done." Then she slipped away, and I heard her, with sweet imperiousness, ordering about the crew and bidding them slip the moorings. We had hardly got steerageway when I heard a commotion aft a choking, angry voice that sounded, through the hubbub, like Silver Tongue's, a quick, fierce, violent struggle, and then suddenly the companion-hatch went shut with a bang. Even as it did so the fore hatch followed with a crash, and everybody began to cheer. From below there rose the sound of

"But, Sasa—!" I protested.

"Now you go flirt with some my girls," she said, "and don't bother your old head about nothings!"

"But my dear girl—!" I protested.

"They'll do very nicely, thank you," said Sasa, interrupting me, "and if they're hungry, isn't there ham sandwich? And if they're thirsty, isn't there claret punch in a milk-can? And as for lights—true lovers don't want no lights!"

"Well, Sasa," I said, "I dare say it's a bright idea and that you deserve the greatest credit for arranging it all; but for the Lord's sake, let me off the ship before you remove the hatches."

"Oh, no," said Sasa. "everybody stay and see the fun!"

Fun indeed, I thought, as I heard a terrific pounding below and an uproar that would have been creditable to a sinking liner. The deck shook with sledgehammer blows and a lot of glasses tumbled off one of our improvised tables. Then we heard what was obviously a revengeful wrecking of the whole ship's interior—the smashing of crockery and lamps, a tramping and a kicking and a throwing down of everything that was loose or could be wrenched off, together with a hollow, reverberatory boom of German profanity—! No, I won't be unjust, and one really couldn't hear good. Sasa stamped on the deck with her little foot and cried out: "Be quiet, you silly baker!" But the silly baker only roused himself to a renewed ferocity, and instead of calming down went off again like twenty-five bunches of fire-crackers under a barrel. And large fire-crackers too!

Off and on, he must have kept this up for more than an hour, then at length he subsided, finding, I suppose, that one German baker, however infuriated, was unable to make an impression on a three-inch deck. By the end of the second hour we had forgotten all about him; for, heeling over in the pleasant breeze, and what with singing and telling stories and flirting in the moonlight, we were all too happy and too busy to take thought of the stifling lovers below our feet. Occasionally I had a haunting sense of a day of reckoning, but I held my peace and forbore to disquiet my pretty hostess, who was the life and soul of the whole party aboard, and whose silvery laughter chimed in so sweetly with the tropic night and the rippling gurgle of water along our keel.

It was past three o'clock when we picked up the Mission light and ran back to our moorings off the Firm. Then the question arose as to who would uncage our love-birds and bear the first brunt of Silver Tongue's explosion. I confess I was very little eager for the job, and felt a peculiar sinking in the region of my watch-pocket as we unlocked the after-hatch and rolled it softly back, Sasa, with a bull's-eye

lantern, penetrating the gloom with a dazzling circle of light. It fell on the figures of Rosalie and Silver Tongue seated on a settee and locked in each other's arms. Rosalie was asleep, with her graceful head lying on Silver Tongue's breast and her long lashes still wet with tears. The baker, his face crimson with heat and streaked with rivulets of perspiration, looked up at us grimly through a sort of mist. I waited for him to spring to his feet and throw himself like a lion on my shrinking form; but instead of doing so he pressed his arms closer round Rosalie and smiled—yes, by Jove, smiled—and, if you'll take the word of a retired master-mariner, winked—with a peculiar, tender, and calkish expression that in anybody else would have been called skittish.

"How goes it, old man?" I said.

"Gaptain," he returned in the tone of a clarionet tooting a love-passage in grand opera; "me and Rosalie invites you all to the Public Hall to-morrow night to dance at our wedding!"

THE END.



"Me and Rosalie invites you to dance at our wedding."

thumping, smothered Teutonic protests, and a long, poignant, and unmistakably feminine wail.

"All finish, Captain," said Sasa, coming up to me cheerfully.

"Would you mind telling me what it's all about?" I asked.

"Just a little *tongafiti* to bring loving hearts together," said Sasa. "They threw Silver Tongue down the after hatchway, while me and the girls, we pushed Rosalie down the forehold. There they are all alone in the dark with five hours to make it up!"

I could not help laughing at Sasa's plan, especially when under my feet I began to hear more frenzied thumping and more feminine wails. Then I recollected there wasn't five feet of headroom below, and that the place, even with the hatches off, was hot enough to boil water in.

"They'll die down there, Sasa," I said.

"No fear," said Sasa. "Rosalie is half Samoa; and as for Silver Tongue, if he get roast like his own bread nobody care a banana."



Photo, Russell Hiron.

THE QUESTION OF THE UNEMPLOYED: THE MASS MEETING
IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, FEBRUARY 14.



Photo, Abernethy.

A SCHOOL OF WHALES DRIVEN ASHORE BY FISHERMEN AT WEISDALE,
SHETLAND, FEBRUARY 8.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE LARGE PASSENGER-BALLOON
"LÉO DEX" FROM THE CAMP OF AIN-ZÉRIG.



THE ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE SAHARA BY BALLOON: THE SEIZURE OF THE LIGHT EXPERIMENTAL BALLOON "L'ECLAIREUR"
BY ARABS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GABES.



Photo, Grantham Bain.

THE GREAT RAILWAY ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY
IN ARIZONA, JANUARY 28; DÉBRIS OF THE WRECKED EXPRESS.



Photo, Wall Bros.

THE GREAT DROUGHT IN VICTORIA: STARVING SHEEP GRAZING ON THE BANK
OF THE ELLWOOD CANAL, ST. KILDA CITY.

[SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS,"

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL:
WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIPS.



MR. R. LEADBETTER'S MASTIFF, "MARCIANA."
MR. S. MANGIN'S BLOODHOUND, "HORDLE
HERCULES."
MR. R. TAIT'S COLLIE, "WISHAW-CLINKER."
MR. F. W. SMITH'S CLUMBER SPANIEL,
"GORING OF AUCHENTORLIE."

MR. K. McDONALD'S ENGLISH SETTER,
"LOGAN MODEL."
MR. J. FARROW'S COCKER SPANIEL,
"SANDY ORO."
MR. J. J. HOLGATE'S IRISH WATER
SPANIEL, "PATSEY BOYLE."

MESSRS. INMAN AND WALMSLEY'S ST. BERNARD,
"JUDITH INMAN."
MRS. P. SHEWELL'S IRISH WOLFHOUND, "COTSWOLD."
MR. H. R. COOKE'S FLAT-COATED RETRIEVER,
"BLACK QUILT."
MRS. M. MARLEY'S BULLDOG, "FELTON DUCHESS."

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL MATCH

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SKETCHES AT QUEEN'S CLUB, FEBRUARY 14.

The thirtieth match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, played at Queen's Club, resulted in a win for Oxford by one goal to nil.

MICROBES IN MOLLUSCS: SCENES AT A CENTRE OF THE COCKLE INDUSTRY.

DRAWINGS BY C. DE LACY AND H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT LEIGH AND MAPLIN SANDS.—(SEE ARTICLE ON CHESH PAGE.)



ON THE EDGE OF THE MAPLIN SANDS: THE MOUSE LIGHT-SHIP AT LOW WATER.



LEIGH COCKLE-BOILERS AT WORK.

The man nearest the window is boiling the cockles, the foreground and other figures are detaching the shells and washing the molluscs in a sieve through three waters. The boiling process is useless as a disinfectant.



THE SOURCE OF THE SHELL-FISH CONTAMINATED IN LEIGH CREEK.

The cockles dug on the Maplins are laid in Leigh Creek to clear them of sand, and become polluted by sewage. They have been condemned by the Fishmongers' Company.



A COCKLE-BOILING HULK AT LEIGH.

MICROBES IN MOLLUSCS: SCENES AT PROMINENT CENTRES OF THE OYSTER AND COCKLE INDUSTRY.

Drawings by C. DE LACY AND H. C. NEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT WHITSTABLE, BOSHAM, EMSWORTH, AND LEIGH.—(See Article on *Ches. Page*.)



AN EFFECT OF THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY'S EMBARGO ON TAINTED OYSTERS:
IDLE OYSTER-BOATS AT BOSHAM



THE CONDEMNED OYSTER-PIT AT BOSHAM, ON THE HAMPSHIRE COAST,
WITH OYSTER-BOATS LYING IDLE.



THE EFFECT OF THE POLLUTION "SCARE" AT WHITSTABLE: A CLOSED STORAGE TANK.



THE METHOD OF DREDGING OYSTERS: A WHITSTABLE YAWL AT WORK.

Note.—The lower part of the drawing gives the water in section, and shows the dredge at work upon the sea bottom.



WHITSTABLE OYSTER-DREDGERS AT WORK:
TAKING UP THE NET.



A LOAD OF OYSTERS, BRINGING
THE BAG-NET ASHORE.



OYSTER-PITS AT EMSWORTH, HANTS: WHENCE CAME THE OYSTERS WHICH POISONED GATLEY
AT THE WINCHESTER DINNER.



THE END OF THE DAY'S FISHING AT WHITSTABLE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The announcement that the good folks who dwell on the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk are beginning to bestir themselves in the matter of the ravages of the sea on their shores will strike the geologist as an agitation about no new thing. For he has long been familiar with the ceaseless attack on the world's coastlines by the sea. Not Norfolk and Suffolk alone have suffered from sea-encroachment. Yorkshire has a long tale to tell of like losses. Lincoln and Kent will follow suit; and, indeed, there is scarcely a coastline which, in its sea-worn rocks and its detached sea-stacks or rock-pillars, does not testify to the power of the waves in eroding the land.

Nature in her operations is not wholly a destroyer, but likewise exhibits a building up of new land from the broken-down materials of the old. The wind and the rain, frost, ice and snow, the inner fires of the earth, with their earthquake shocks and their volcanic outbursts—all are agencies engaged in sculpturing and altering the lineaments of "this fine old world of ours." They are the fingers on the hand of Time which operate to mould and sculpture the crust on which we live. Day by day they are working, often uproariously as in the storm-waves, but as often silently and unobtrusively, as when, atom by atom, the outlines of the mountain-peaks are softened and worn away.

We must draw a sharp line of demarcation, however, between two actions the results whereof might at first sight be regarded as similarly wrought out. When the sea sweeps away land it is lost to the world entirely. The materials will be rearranged and will do duty again in the ages to come, but as regards the existing world, the sea's gain is to the land a dead loss. There is another action which results in the disappearance of land: I allude to its slow sinking, or depression, below the waves. Now, in this state of things is no smashing up of the coast: it is rather a process, this, of slow disappearance, just as, in the reverse state of things, we find land elevated and rescued from the waves. The land which has sunk is still there to answer for itself, whereas, when the sea has smashed a coast-line into atoms, its matter is disintegrated and disappears in the deep.

The interesting cases of sea-action are those which, occurring within strictly historical times, we are able to determine with considerable accuracy as regards the amount of destruction involved, and also as regards the time occupied in the sea's attack. We find such an illustration in the case of the Reculvers, the two towers of which form conspicuous landmarks on the Kentish coast between Herne Bay and Margate. The history of this place carries us back to Roman days, when it was an inland military station. In the time of Henry VIII. it was a mile and a half or more from the sea. To-day the church, dismantled and in ruins, save for its towers, stands on the brink of the low cliff, the base of which is lapped by the sea. An artificial causeway built into the cliff has saved the church from total disappearance. The case of the parish of Eccles, told by Lyell in his text-book of geology, is equally instructive. This was once a large and populous parish. Domesday Book, I believe, testifies to this much. We have evidence that before 1603 vast tracts of this Norfolk seaboard had been swept away. King James of glorious (but pedantic) memory was besought by the folks of Eccles for a reduction of their taxes on the very reasonable ground that they had not the land to pay tax for. They little knew the mean man with whom they were dealing. King Jamie absolutely refused the request, and, I believe, added the pious wish that they might be grateful they were not swept away themselves.

Parallel cases to Eccles are numerous. If we go to the west side of the island, Cardigan Bay will offer to us an illustration of land which has disappeared, partly under sea-action, but also partly, no doubt, under that of subsidence. In the sixth century the bay was represented by a huge land tract whereon forests grew abundantly. On the east side, Yorkshire affords many proofs of lost land, one such proof being easily found in the comparison of the old maps with modern ones. It is more than a tradition that in what is now the Humber estuary, Ravenspur and other towns existed not so very long ago, and not a trace remains of them to-day. The Holderness district is also familiar to geologists as one which has suffered severely from sea-attack. Strange it is to think that Britain to-day realises to the full Tennyson's lines—

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O Earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

The reconstruction which the poet figures forth in the first stanza is as real a phase of cosmical action as is the destructive side. We reclaim land from the sea, but our gain is apparently not at all equal to our loss. The philosopher, in his calm consideration, will tell us that it is out of the broken debris of one world that the rocks of a new one are formed. Destruction here is but the prelude to construction. Each series of rocks is formed out of the worn particles of preceding strata. As an old geologist has it, the aqueous rocks are not primæval, but are the daughters of Time. And so the old world, worn by the fingers on Time's hand, is really the foster-parent of the new which induce season, like Aphrodite, may literally be born of the waves.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

A W DANIEL.—One of your problems shall appear shortly.

E J WINTER WOOD.—We shall be pleased to keep both.

Mrs. W J BAIRD (Brighton).—We congratulate you both on your success and your inventiveness. The class of problem, however, would not suit our solvers.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3059 and 3060 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3061 from P N Banerji (Indore) and P B Cooper (Calgary, Canada); of No. 3063 from Charles Burnett and the Reading Society (Corfu); of No. 3066 from H S Brandreth (Naples), the Reading Society (Corfu), J D Tucker (Ilkley), D B R (Oban), A G (Pancsova), S S Summers (Gloucester), Basil Tree (Camberwell), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J F Moon, Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), L E Hiley (Wells), Thomas Herbert Martin (Chelmsford), T H (Ludlow), and W D A Barnard (Uppingham).

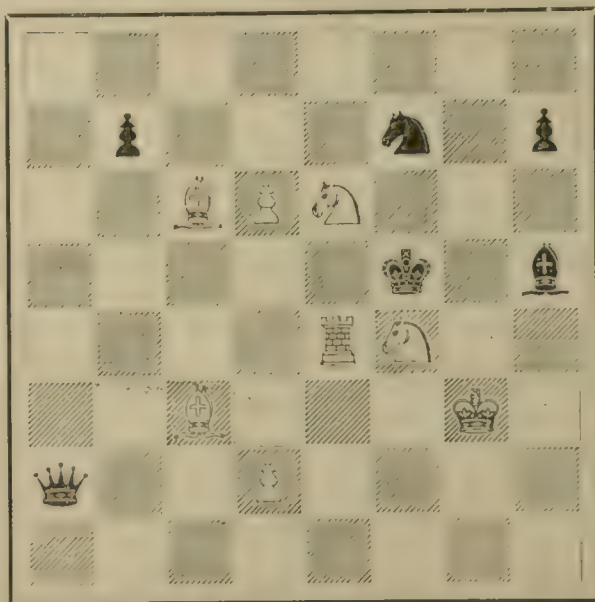
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3067 received from W M Eglington (Birmingham), Edith Corser (Reigate), Sorrento, Captain Barnes, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Martin F, Charles Burnett, James Andrews (Brighton), W D A Barnard (Uppingham), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), T Roberts, Lieutenant-Colonel P J Damania, Reginald Gordon, Frank Willson (Wisbeach), H S Brandreth (Naples), J W (Campsie), R H Dickinson, Albert Wolff (Putney), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J F Moon, Shadforth, H J Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), M Hobhouse, H Adams (Tooting), R Worters (Canterbury), and W D Easton (Sunderland).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3066.—BY MAX FRIGL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to Q sq. Any move
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 3060.—BY BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the telegraphic match Minnesota v. Manitoba. Mr. MAGNUS SMITH (Manitoba) and Mr. F. ARTHUR HILL (Minnesota). (Two Knights Game).

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	The obvious moves are neglected here—about. Surely the only chance now is P to K 5th.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18.	B to K 3rd
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	19. K to R sq	Q to R 5th
4. Kt to B 3rd		20. P to Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th
White has here two better continuations—P to Q 3rd and Kt to Kt 5th. The latter is out of favour, but it leads to exciting play.		21. R to Kt sq	P to Q R 4th
4. P to Q 4th is another fair move.		22. P to Q B 4th	P takes P en pas.
	Kt takes P	23. Kt to B 2nd	Q to Q 3rd
5. B takes P (ch)		The position is full of interesting points; but Black appears to have a won game.	
It is not good to part with the King's Bishop in this way. Black must, in any case, regain the piece; so B to Q 3rd or B to Kt 5th should be played, with a gain of time.		24. P to Kt 4th	P takes B
5. Kt takes Kt	K takes B	25. Q takes Q P	
6. Q Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	P to Q 4th	He fears Kt to B 6th. The only chance was P takes B. The result is now a matter of time.	
Another inferior move. Kt to K Kt 3rd is better. The Knights now become very badly placed.		26. P takes P	B to K 2nd
7. P to Q 3rd	K to Kt sq	27. P takes P	Kt to Kt 4th
8. Kt to R 3rd	P to K 3rd	28. Q takes Kt	Kt takes Kt (ch)
9. Kt (R 3) to Kt sq	B to K 2nd	29. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Q 5th (ch)
10. Kt to R 4th	R to B sq	30. Kt to K 2nd	R to B 2nd
11. P to K R 4th	P to Q 5th	31. P to R 5th	Q takes P
12. B to K 3rd	Q to K sq	32. P to R 6th	R to B 2nd
13. B to Q 2nd	Q to K sq	33. Q R to Kt sq	R to Q B 4th
14. Q to K 2nd	B to B 3rd	34. Q R to Kt sq (ch)	K to R sq
15. Castles Q R	K to Kt sq	35. P to R 7th	B to Q 5th (ch)
16. Kt to K sq	Kt to K 2nd	36. K to Kt sq	P to B 4th
17. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to Q 4th	37. R to Kt 8th (ch)	R takes R
18. K to Kt sq		38. P takes R (ch)	K takes P
		39. Q to Q 2nd	Q to K 6th
			Black wins.

Another game played in America between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and G. KOHLER.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. Kt takes Kt	Kt to Q 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	This tardy development is unfortunate. The Knight should have come out much earlier.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. Kt takes Kt	Kt to Q 2nd
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	16. P to K 4th	B to Kt 2nd
5. P takes P	P takes P	17. Q R to Q sq	Q to K sq
If Kt takes P, P. P. to K 4th is always a good continuation, and gives White a fine opening.		18. P to Q 5th	Kt to B 4th
6. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	19. P to K 5th	Kt takes B
7. P to K 3rd	Castles	20. Q takes Kt	Q to Q B sq
8. B to Q 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	21. Kt to B 6th (ch)	
9. Q to B 2nd	P to K R 3rd	This sacrifice forces the game, which is a very fair example of White's skill.	
B takes Kt would only assist White, who would thereby get an open file for his King's side attack.		22. P takes P	P takes Kt
10. B to R 4th	R to K sq	23. P to B 4th	R takes P
11. Kt to K 5th	B to K 3rd	24. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to B sq
12. Castles K R	Kt to Kt 5th	25. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to Q 2nd
13. B takes B	R takes B	26. K R to K sq (ch)	K to Q 2nd
14. Kt takes Q P		27. Q takes P (ch)	K to Q 3rd
An odd sort of move, but gaining a Pawn in a curious way—If B takes Kt, then Kt takes Kt is the reply; or, if Q takes Kt, B to K 4th appears almost fatal to Black.		28. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
		29. R takes R	Resigns
		Mate in a few moves is forced now, whether K takes R or not.	

The Christmas competition of the *Brighton Standard* chess column has resulted in a tie for first prize between Mrs. W. J. Baird and Mr. J. Keeble. Mrs. Baird's problem, we may add, is of a kind invented by herself, called "The Twentieth Century Retractor."

UNAUTHORISED REPRESENTATION.

As it has been ascertained that many unauthorised persons are in the habit of claiming to represent THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the Editor desires that applications made in his name shall not be entertained unless the applicant presents an official card signed by the Editor himself or one of the Directors.

MICROBES IN MOLLUSCS.

Always more or less suspect, the oyster and its kinsman, the cockle, have at length incurred the formal official censure of the Medical Officer for the City of London, whose recent report has created what the reporters call a "scare," and has told very materially upon the activity of the oyster and cockle trade. Four virulent cases of enteric fever which occurred in Clapham were caused indisputably by the eating of cockles bought in the City. These, it was found, had come from Leigh-on-Sea, in Essex, and on samples from that place being analysed by Professor Klein, they were found to contain virulent bacilli of enteric and microbes of sewage. Professor Klein did not establish the presence of the bacillus typhosus, but in a later sample from Leigh he detected it. Dr. Collingridge, the medical officer for the City, visited Leigh-on-Sea and inspected the creek where the cockles are laid. Both mud and water from the creek were obviously filthy, and without any further examination, the medical officer pronounced the creek not a proper place to deposit cockles in.

Analysis of the mud and water entirely established this opinion. The cockles are collected at various points on the Maplin Sands and on the Blyth. They are taken over to and laid down in Leigh Creek for a day or two in order to allow them to clear themselves of the sand which they naturally contain. The point at which the cockles are laid down is just about half a mile below the spot where the effluent sewage of Leigh is discharged on the ebb-tide. The medical officer further points out the obvious possibility of pollution from the discharge of sewage from Southend-on-Sea, and from the large amount of sewage sludge and sewage contributed by the Metropolis. Before the cockles are exposed for sale, they are taken from the creek to the cockle-sheds, where they are plunged into coppers of boiling water, after which they are riddled through wide-meshed sieves, which allow the soft parts to pass through and retain the shells. They are then washed in about five changes of water. The boiling, the medical officer says, is somewhat misleading, for the cockles are plunged in in a mass and for a short time, whence it does not follow that every part is exposed to a temperature of 212 Fahr. 160 deg. are sufficient to kill the bacilli; and yet, as has been seen, the microbes were alive in the specimens examined. The Worshipful Company of Fishmongers prohibited the relaying of cockles in the Leigh estuary, and subsequent investigations showed that samples taken direct from the Maplin Sands and boiled for one minute showed pollution.

The agitation against the oyster arose from the illness which many persons contracted after eating oysters at a mayoral banquet at Winchester. Three patients, including the Dean of Winchester, died of the disease. The oysters in question had been obtained from the Emsworth pits, on the Hampshire coast. An official inspection resulted in a report, in which it was stated that the sewage actually flowed over the pits.

Our Special Artist, whom we dispatched to the condemned centres of the cockle and oyster industry to report and make sketches, writes as follows of Emsworth: "The pits are near the town, and lie on the beach within a few yards of the back premises of the sea-front. These so-called pits are not pits at all; they are shallow 'dug-outs' in the beach, with a few old boards placed round the edge, to keep the soil and sand in position, and are, of course, quite open to the influences of weather or foreign matter that may be floating about in the sea at high water. Near by, running into the creek, a few feet below the pits, is a drain-pipe, about nine inches in diameter. I watched this pipe; and I must honestly say I saw no sewage matter pass from it."

"The Emsworth oyster-beds extend about two miles along the channel in one continuous piece of seabottom, consisting of clean shingle, dead shell, and sandy matter. The oysters do not lie in mud at all. More than fifty years ago the Whitstable boats dragged the Emsworth channel. The fishermen of Emsworth, upon whom the closing of the industry has imposed the greatest loss and hardship, number about a hundred men, and their wives and children are now on the way to starvation."

Bosham, where the oysters were found to be polluted to the extent of 40 per cent., has also been placed under the Fishmongers' Company's prohibition. "There," writes our representative, "were the same painful scenes, fishermen, alas! idle, with serious faces, talking over the situation."

"At Whitstable," our Artist continues, "the scene was different, and we were at once struck by the brisk, busy air of the inhabitants. By the courtesy of the secretary of the Royal Whitstable Oyster Fishery Company, we were allowed to inspect the works. I asked to see the condemned tanks, and was told that pending the town drainage improvements, the storage-tanks were not in use, as the company intended until the scare should be over to draw all their oysters direct from their layings. The tanks are large, deep holes lined with smooth Portland cement of great thickness. They are filled by a pipe and tidal valve connected with the sea outside. At low tide the water, if necessary, is allowed to flow out, and at the flood the tank is filled. The floor and side of the tanks, which were empty at the time of my visit, appeared clean enough to eat off. I feel persuaded, on consideration, that the great cause of this pollution is the vast deposit of solid sludge laid down daily in the Barrow Deep by the London County Council's steam-hoppers. There are whispirings along the water-side, which I give for what they are worth, that on dark nights it is easy to shorten the journey by depositing portions of sludge long before the proper spot is reached, and then on the return to slow down the hopper so as to reach port at the expected time. Thus every tide receives its glut of terrible poison, and putrid matter is set afloat where the water should be of the cleanest. Once free the river from its horrid burden, and we shall have no more oyster scares."

MICROBES IN MOLLUSCS: CAUSES OF THE CONTAMINATION OF COCKLES AND OYSTERS.

DRAWINGS BY C. DE LACY AND H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT LEIGH AND OTHER CENTRES OF THE COCKLE AND OYSTER INDUSTRY.—(SEE ARTICLE ON CHESH PAGE.)



THE IMPURITY OF LEIGH COCKLES: THE SEWAGE-POLLUTED CREEK, LEIGH-ON-SEA, WHERE THE SHELL-FISH WERE CONTAMINATED.

The creek, our Artist notes, was covered with mud, refuse, and slime. The Medical Officer for the City of London visited the creek on January 3, pronounced it "obviously filthy," and condemned it as a place wherein to deposit cockles. Leigh cockles are taken from Maplin Sands, and laid for a few days in the creek to clear themselves of sand. Half a mile above this spot the Leigh sewage is discharged. The boat is a typical Leigh "borley" of fifteen tons.



ANOTHER POSSIBLE CAUSE OF CONTAMINATION: THE DISCHARGE OF PUTRID MATTER INTO THE THAMES ESTUARY FROM A SLUDGE-HOPPER.

The Medical Officer for the City, reporting on Leigh Creek, continues: "There is, further, the obvious possibility of pollution from the discharge of sewage from Southend-on-Sea, and from the large amount of sewage-sludge and sewage contributed by the Metropolis." The sludge-hoppers are vessels with movable bottoms, which are lowered or raised by chains. These steam daily out to the Barrow Deeps and deposit huge masses of sludge. On the discharge clouds of pollution spread in all directions through the water, and this the tide may wash up on the Thames foreshores.

THE UNREST IN THE BALKANS: THE MACEDONIAN AGITATION AGAINST TURKISH RULE.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN SCHÖNBERG.



1. "THIRD AND FINAL APPLICATION": A TURKISH TAX-COLLECTOR IN MACEDONIA EXACTING CLAIMS AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE.

2. "LET NOT CHRISTIAN MONEY GO TO BENEFIT THE TURK": AN ORTHODOX GREEK PRIEST PERSUADING MACEDONIAN PEASANTS NOT TO PAY TAXES.

3. A TURKISH NIZAM ARRESTING A BULGARIAN SUSPECT.
4. BULGARIAN AID AND ECCLESIASTICAL CONNIVANCE: MACEDONIANS SMUGGLING ARMS FROM BULGARIA INTO A PRIEST'S HOUSE AT NIGHTFALL.

THE MOBILISATION OF TURKISH FORCES FOR MACEDONIA: TYPES OF THE SULTAN'S TROOPS.

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD: NO. VI. DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEF.



I. GUNNERS OF THE PERA-ARTILLERY REGIMENT WORKING A 6-CENTIMETRE GUN.

II. A BUGLER OF A ZOUAVE BATTALION OF THE GUARD.

III. AN AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE SULTAN IN FULL DRESS.

IV. A MAJOR-GENERAL IN FIELD-SERVICE UNIFORM.

V. A SERGEANT OF A RIFLE BATTALION.

VI. A DETACHMENT OF THE ERTIGRUL REGIMENT OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

On a general mobilisation of all ranks for field service, the Turkish Army could muster at the first call 400,000 men, and this could be augmented in a month or so by another 100,000 men.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Pit. By Frank Norris. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
Station Studies: Being the Tollings of an African Official. By Lionel Portman. (London: Longmans. 6s.)
The Steeple. By Reginald Turner. (London: Greening. 6s.)
Aunt Bethia's Button. By John Randal. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Saints in Christian Art: Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church, with other Contemporary Saints. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. (London: George Bell. 14s.)
Among Swamps and Giants in Equatorial Africa. By Major H. H. Austin, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E. (London: Pearson. 15s.)
Lord Lilford on Birds. Edited by A. Trevor Battye. (London: Hutchinson. 16s.)

"The Pit," the story of a gigantic "deal" and an equally gigantic failure in the Board of Trade Building in Chicago, will not enhance the reputation won for the late Frank Norris by "Shanghaied," "McTeague," and "The Octopus," the first of the projected Trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat, of which the present volume is the second. When writing of the actual operations in the wheat-pit, Mr. Norris not only shows very considerable power of description, but undoubtedly holds the attention; in the remainder of his story, however, the crudity of his staccato method—effective, perhaps essential, in the fiction of statistics of which "Calumet K." is so excellent an example—becomes at once apparent, and occasionally strikes a jarring note. Mr. Norris would have done well, indeed, had he confined his narrative to the commercial side of Mr. Jadwin's character; had he, in a word, made his novel entirely a story of the Pit, for the wheat-gamble dominates his book as it dominates the personages in it. Beside it, the question of Jadwin's love for, and subsequent neglect of, his wife, and the love affairs of Sheldon Cortrell, Landry Court, and Page Dearborn are episodes that, all-important as they are to those concerned, are of comparatively little moment in the estimation of the reader. The Pit, and the Pit alone, is the subject that fascinates: it is the triumph of eighths and quarters over sentiment. Mr. Norris had a great ambition, but an ambition, unhappily, only partially realised.

A great many books have been written about and around Uganda, but they are most of them marked by a certain solidity, as becomes the records of administrators, soldiers, explorers, and missionaries. Mr. Lionel Portman has broken quite new ground in his string of sketches—"impressionist" we suppose they should be called—describing the lighter aspects of life as they present themselves to an official in the Uganda Protectorate. He sets forth with a good deal of humour exactly the things which none of us can discover from Blue Books, and most of us who have friends at the ends of the earth (and who has not to-day!) would like to know: how the Briton in a lonely station in the wilderness spends his time, and what is the daily work which he is called to perform. There is no ethnology in the book, but there are caustic and vivid descriptions of some of our fellow-subjects—the rascally Swahili, the methodical Goanese half-caste clerk, the plausible Indian pedlar. A decidedly amusing mock-heroic extravaganza, "The Great War," recounts a long feud between the officials of two adjoining Protectorates. Those who can look beneath the surface will find a fund of serious criticism of our methods. We endeavour to rule huge African territories with an insufficient staff, badly paid, and we are so careful about pence that we compel our officials to spend over minute accounts the time that should be employed in practical district-work, in getting into touch with the natives. The Treasury will hardly spend a farthing until a punitive expedition becomes necessary. Mr. Portman has written a very fresh and agreeable book.

"The Steeple" is a fresh piece of work, with a title which indirectly, and with perfect truth, its author, Mr. Reginald Turner, calls ridiculous. Very adroitly, however, he lays the blame upon the shoulders of his leading character. The Rev. Frank Lister publishes a book which he labels "The Steeple: A Plea for a Larger Church"; and this book within a book has a bearing on the story that enshrines it sufficient to justify Mr. Turner in adopting his creature's title. We have no intention of explaining more particularly the relation of Mr. Lister's "Steeple" to Mr. Turner's own. It may be said at once that, although we read it with unflagging interest, the story element in the novel is not the strongest. Its great merit lies in the very cool and effective demonstration of character, and especially of character that is off conventional lines. The psychology, perhaps, is not very deep, but in the plane on which it works it is remarkably

sure. Mr. Turner does not make the mistake of falling too deeply in love with his characters, nor does he picture them in such a way that we who look on are likely to lose our heads about them either. And he has the knack of giving clever and caustic turns to his narrative. Altogether, in spite of its title, we have thoroughly enjoyed "The Steeple."

"Aunt Bethia's Button" is an exceedingly ingenious story, and Mr. John Randal handles his material well. Six buttons, made of Balas rubies, set about with diamonds, which had once adorned the waistcoat of a fop, are at the bottom of the writer's plot. He is kind enough to simplify matters for the reader by having three of the stones reset: the remaining three are sufficient for his purpose, and in following the fortunes of the particular button known as Aunt Bethia's we have been well entertained. For we fell in with a General who is the pink of chivalry, a curate who is a thoroughly good and likable fellow, and a fine young Englishman in whom the fighting instincts of a generation must have concentrated. These, with a tame villain, an adventuress, and one, or two characters who lend themselves admirably to burlesque, get into all sorts of extraordinary situations, from which, later on, they are extricated with masterly ingenuity. To anyone who reads *pour passer le temps* we recommend "Aunt Bethia's Button." The book is excellent fooling, spiced with common-sense.

Mrs. Bell places a stumbling-block on the threshold of her work, "Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church"; for she promises her readers a study of the history "alike of the Christian

"*Qui plasmati me,*" and this is repeated. But the volume is pretty—within by its legends, and without by a white binding.

By far the greater part of "Among Swamps and Giants in Equatorial Africa" is devoted to a description of the disastrous journey undertaken by Major Austin with the object of making new surveys of the Lake Rudolf region. The author, with a generosity unfair to himself, is practically silent concerning the real reason for his failure—namely, the non-appearance at Lake Rudolf of the Abyssinian expedition, on which he depended for supplies to enable him to proceed. There are doubtless reasons for reticence on this point; but it is only right to lay stress on the fact that the misfortunes which so nearly cost the whole party their lives were not due to lack of foresight or care on the part of the leader. Major Austin started from Omdurman with Major Bright as second in command, Dr. Garner as medical officer, and fifty-nine Soudanese as escort, and donkey and camel drivers; and of these fifty-nine only fourteen reached Uganda, the rest having perished of starvation or by the spears of the treacherous Turkana giants, who dogged the steps of the party and missed no opportunity of killing those who came unarmed within their reach. A more painful record of disaster is not to be found in the whole history of African exploration, and, distressing as the narrative is, Major Austin tells us that he has "toned down" several harrowing details recorded in the diary he kept. The gloom of the latter part of the journey is relieved by the evidences of splendid pluck on the part of the three Europeans, and the heroic endurance and loyalty of the Soudanese soldiers who formed the escort. The account of the more prosperous part of the expedition is written in a bright and often humorous vein.

It is well that a worthy memoir should have been published on the work of the late Lord Lilford as a man and as a naturalist, and the task of preparing this memoir has been excellently performed by Mr. Trevor Battye. The volume, moreover, is admirably produced by the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., as might have been expected; it is illustrated by some pictures by Archibald Thorburn, and has an excellent portrait of Lord Lilford himself. Despite the illness which prevented him in later years from following his former active life as a sportsman and naturalist, Lord Lilford seems, as president of the British Ornithologists' Union, to have exercised an influence on the progress of the study of natural history in this country. He was one of the original members of the Union when it was founded in 1858, in the days when its journal, the *Ibis*, cost its promoters a considerable amount of money to keep afloat. The B.O.U., as it is generally called, consisted originally of eleven young naturalists: it now numbers nearly four hundred members, and is one of the most important of our scientific societies. Not only in its early days, but throughout the progress of the union to its present

successful position, the support of its president was of the most generous character. Mr. Trevor Battye has done well to publish Lord Lilford's early diaries, which are excellent reading, and prove him to have been not only a keen observer, but a writer of great ability. His early visits to the Mediterranean resulted in a material increase in our knowledge of the birds of that inland sea, and his work in Spain was also most important. Sometimes travelling for months in his yacht, he was able to visit many outlying and little-known islands in the Mediterranean, and by that means he discovered many new facts concerning the breeding-places and the migrations of the rarer birds. All this is narrated in his diaries in a breezy and entertaining manner, and his capacities as a sportsman and naturalist of the first rank become manifest on every page; while his occasional criticisms, with their gentle satire, show evidence of his warm heart. It is only since his death that the zoological world has realised how great an influence was exercised by Lord Lilford in his quiet way. The amount of good that he did will never be known, for he was one of the kindest and most benevolent of men, and was always ready to promote any useful scientific research or to help on any young naturalists who were doing serious work. Although he was much crippled by rheumatic gout in his later years, he retained to the last his interest in zoology, and his aviaries at Lilford probably contained the largest collection of living animals ever got together by a private individual. The care and affection which he bestowed on his pets are loudly demonstrated throughout the present volume. Lord Lilford is best known by his "Coloured Figures of British Birds," a work which has now become difficult to obtain, and fetches a very large price; while his "Birds of Northamptonshire" is another important contribution to British zoology. The present memoir will help to a true appreciation of his kindly nature and his attainments as a naturalist.

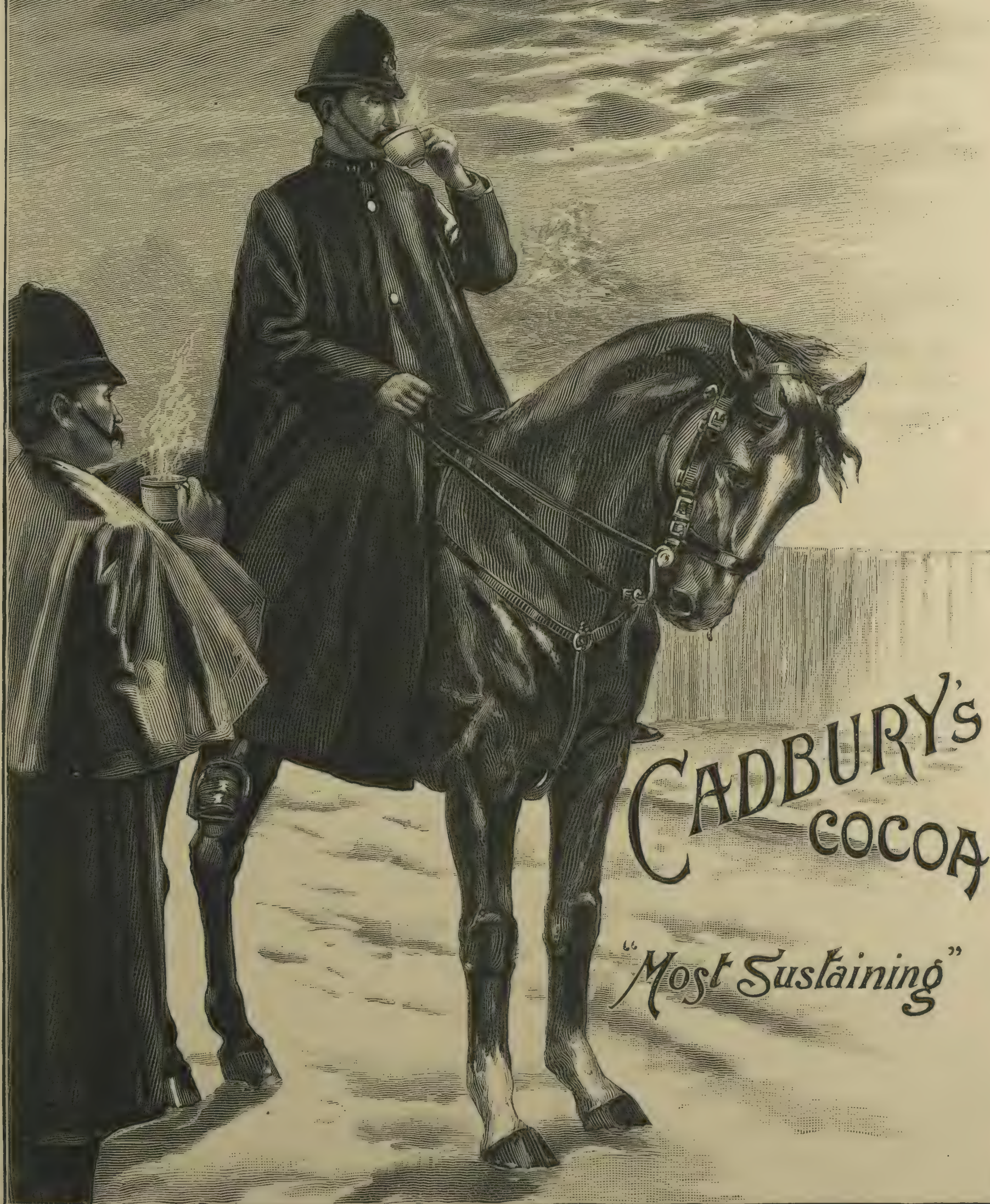


THE FRUSTRATED ATTEMPT TO BURN SAINTS COSMAS AND DAMIANUS.

Reproduced from "The Saints in Christian Art," by permission of Messrs. Bell.

Church and Christian art." Her time is from the fourth century to the eighth, and her saints are up (or down) to date, but her art is not. It is the art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The subject may be early—if indeed a sacred "conversation" picture can be said to refer to any period at all—but the pencil is the late and familiar pencil of Raphael or Pinturicchio. Mrs. Bell's book is in no sense a book of early art; and her little dissertation, in her preface, on the art of the fourth century has no connection with the body of her work. The book is, in fact, a series of historical and legendary records of saints with whom the art of a thousand years later was much concerned; but it is not a book on art, late or early; and it would probably not have made an attempt to seem so but for a kind of almost inevitable emulation of Mrs. Jameson, which, no doubt, suggests itself to all writers approaching the matter of that forgotten author's valuable researches. Mrs. Bell's book is, however, illustrated, and well illustrated; and inasmuch as there may be many readers who are not likely to be instructed in the life, say, of St. Gregory the Great except by means of a picture-book, her "Lives and Legends" may have a real mission and an effectual value. Of that exceedingly important passage in the history of the second civilisation of Europe which comprised the centuries of patristic Christianity, there is no doubt a profound general ignorance, and a little picturesque information may be better than nothing. But one would prefer these fragments without a reference to the "beautiful prayer" for His disciples offered by Christ before His Passion; for surely this adjective has an almost startling ineptitude! "Lives of the Fathers" without any mention of St. Chrysostom are fragmentary enough; they are also, in this case, not very careful, for a strange verb is put into the mouth of St. Thais:

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LADIES' PAGES.

The subject of the emigration of women to South Africa is occupying a good deal of attention in certain circles at present, and a newly formed Colonial training branch has just been added to the women's Horticultural College at Swansea, for the sake of students who desire to try their fortunes in the Colonies. The subjects to be taught include gardening, dairy-work, the care of poultry, cooking, laundry-work, simple sanitation, nursing, and native languages for South Africa. The object of the society is to attract cultivated women, who will carry on the best traditions of English home life in our new territories. The difficulties of earning a livelihood in our own country, where so many of the professions are already overstocked, is severe. Women are not very fond of emigration as a class, but if they do make up their minds to try their luck in such a country as South Africa, they would be wise to go through a preliminary course of training, so as to make themselves more capable of grappling with the difficulties they will find. The emigration of servants proceeds apace, but this can scarcely be called a matter for congratulation, since the demand already exceeds the supply over here. Very sad reports reach us from South Africa of the condition of things there, and it seems open to doubt whether emigration societies are wise in counselling women to go to a country where the circumstances of life are so hard, and the inhabitants so unsettled. Fortnightly parties of young women of the servant class are already being sent out, but those of superior grade would naturally require special training before they could undertake such new conditions of life. The account of a traveller recently returned does not give a very pleasant picture of the state of affairs. "We often travelled from ten in the morning till ten at night without seeing a human being," says this lady, "so that even a deserted blockhouse by the roadside was the object of the liveliest interest. Shops?" she went on in answer to inquiries. "There are only three things sold—food, clothes, and hardware, and they are all in one store under the care of native saleswomen, who can speak no language but their own. The Somali women are pleasant: they grin acquiescence, and allow you to search the place for the article nearest to what you want."

"No shops." The mere man cannot understand how great a deprivation is implied in those two little words. Men, as a rule, are uneasy and out of place in shops, afraid of being imposed on just as they are at fancy bazaars, fearful of buying the wrong thing, and often going off with some article they don't like just for the sake of getting out of the saleswoman's clutches. This timidity is probably the result of lack of proper training early in life. A boy expects his



FOR THE SPRING.

mother and sisters to shop for him, and a man frequently asks his wife to order most of the things he wants, and so misses the practice which would enable him to make a discreet choice of the best article, and to acquire the moral courage to say "No." It is not at all desirable that a man should take much part in the necessary shopping of a household. This is chiefly the woman's duty—the "chronicling of small beer," from which the bread-winner is exempt, and rightly so, the cares of the out-of-doors business life being enough; but old Indian officers are often good shoppers, and help the ladies of the family by doing little errands for them, and the amount of parcels they may be seen carrying at the Army and Navy Stores and similar places testifies to the fact that they do not consider it at all derogatory to make themselves useful in this way. Mothers would be wise to let their little sons accompany them sometimes on their purchasing expeditions, so that they might get accustomed to knowing the prices of things early in life. Shopping is usually supposed to be an unmitigated joy to a woman, but there are many times when she would be only too thankful to have a little help in this way; and how can she entrust her errands to a man who seems rather proud than otherwise of having brought the wrong thing?

Shop windows are really attractive to a feminine purchaser, and there are many exhibitions for which one pays that do not possess such an amount of entertainment as do these free shows in the smart London streets. In Paris the dress novelties are mostly hidden from public view; the jewellers display their latest ideas, the florists' windows are like bouquets, but the best dresses are not exposed to public gaze, and the wonderful hats are jealously guarded from all but an expected purchaser. The London shops, however, are a liberal education in themselves, more especially since a leading firm has taught the lesson of restraint in colour. Even the passer-by in a carriage feels a certain interest as she says to herself, "What colour is the window dressed in to-day? Lovely shades of red, palest blue, or a symphony in grey and green?" The observant personage who takes a quiet stroll down Regent Street or Bond Street, with a pause at the jewellers', a glance at the stationers', and a long, long look at the milliners' shops, will take many new notions home with her which she can utilise later on.

The little frock—so simple when you have seen it—the charming hat which you could have thought of yourself if you had tried, yet somehow didn't; the tea-gown which could be made so easily from that length of brocade of your grandmother's and that old lace collar you laid by—all these things can be seen in the shop windows and can be studied by women of widely different lives.

The Countess of Aberdeen paid a handsome compliment to the women of Canada in her recent

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address given at a meeting of the Colonial section of the Society of Arts. The early days of Canada, she said, after it was inhabited by white races, were illumined in all its provinces by the cherished traditions of the high courage and devotion of heroic women; traditions which had remained the inspiration of descendants worthy of themselves. Lady Aberdeen has the seeing eye and the feeling heart, and her tribute to her Canadian sisters will be deeply valued by the most loyal section of all our loyal colonists. When I visited the United States as the English delegate on the occasion of a National Conference, I received kindness and attention from women of many nationalities, but it was the Canadian women above all who seemed especially charmed to see anyone from the old country, and said: "Let me hear the English voice; it is delightful to hear it spoken once again." It is doubtless the influence of these women pioneers in Canada which has affected the manners of the men of the present generation. An English friend of mine who returned a little time since from that country told me that her visit was like a royal progress, so great was the care and attention she had received.

Two notable figures have passed away during the last few weeks—Augusta Holmes and Edna Lyall; both remarkable for their intellectual gifts, and with names that have acquired a European reputation. But they were strangely different in their lives—the one in the midst of the whirl of Parisian society, the other in the quiet parsonage at Eastbourne. Madame Holmes was a brilliant figure in fashionable Parisian circles, and proficient in the art of holding a Salon. She loved France so much that it became her adopted country, and she made her name quite foreign by the addition of an accent where none ought to have been. Edna Lyall was always delicate, and shrank from society. She had a gentle face and a soft voice, and I should think never made an enemy in her life. Her work was particularly popular among young girls, and there is no other writer who exactly fills her place.

What is new in the world of dress? White is the correct thing for evening wear just now. White dresses made of tulle, lisse, or mousseline-de-soie, with sparkling sequins, clusters of tiny flowers, and puffings of dainty-hued chiffon—dresses which resemble the valentines of old days—these are the favourite wear at present, and the general effect of a room is greatly increased by the light aspect of the crowd. Pale blue and pink are popular, and I have seen a black dress thoroughly relieved from gloom by the addition of a bolero of pale-blue Oriental embroidery kept in place by bands of gold bullion, with "bits of blue" in the shape of turquoise brooches of various shapes and sizes, and a gold chain decorated with pendants of turquoise matrix. Sequins have not gone out of fashion



A BALL-GOWN WITH "HANDKERCHIEF-POINT" FLOUNCES.

after all, but as worn now they have to be cleverly treated to give the appearance of softness. The effect is often obtained in this way: the sequins, gold or silver, or iridescent, sometimes varied with black, are laid over several layers of chiffon, and thus soften and subdue the satin underneath. A charming dress was worn by one of the belles of the present moment at a recent artistic gathering. It was of white tulle with the sleeve cut away from the shoulder to the elbow, where it fell in a mass of drapery. The pouched bodice was headed by a berthe of fine lace from beneath which to the waist pale-green satin ribbon was threaded in and out of the tulle. Innumerable little frills extended up the skirt as far as the knees, headed by half-a-dozen rows of the ribbon. A true-lovers' knot in emerald-green sequins was placed in the centre of the bodice over the ribbon, while three corresponding ornaments, rather smaller in size, decorated the left side of the skirt. Another charming gown was of pink silk in the palest and most dainty shade imaginable. The décolletage consisted of a flat band of silk in a much deeper tone of pink, elaborately embroidered with pearls and gold thread. Under this there was a deep flounce of lace forming a point at both back and front which fell to just below the swathed belt of the deeper-hued silk. The skirt was set well round to the front in slight gathers, and was made with a tunic, which, with the underskirt, was finished by lace laid flatly on the material at the edge. A cluster of crimson roses placed slightly to the side completed this delightful study in pink. Another gown, suited to the dignity of a young married lady, was of a white silk that had a narrow pale-green stripe in it. The low bodice formed a square bolero, which at the back was continued under the waistbelt to form postilion-tails. This bolero, as well as the vandyked edge of the tunic of the skirt, was bordered with coffee-coloured guipure lace. The shoulder-straps were of emerald-green velvet, and were connected to a flounce of lace which encircled the arm at the elbow by loose downways bands of ribbon. The underskirt had a band of ribbon laid down between each stripe on the material, each band finishing by a tiny rosette at the edge of the skirt. With a costume of white mousseline-de-soie a wreath of gardenias was worn with good effect—gardenias, neatest of flowers, which never involve their wearer in any appearance of disarray.

Our charming illustrations need little description this week. The spring dress is in pale-blue voile, with collar and gauntlet-cuffs of guipure. The hat is in grey felt of straw trimmed with two (apparently) cooing doves. The evening dress is of white lisse, with the skirt arranged in "handkerchief point" flounces, forming five vandykes in all. The sleeves are worthy of attention, since they are exactly what is being worn at the present moment.

FILOMENA.

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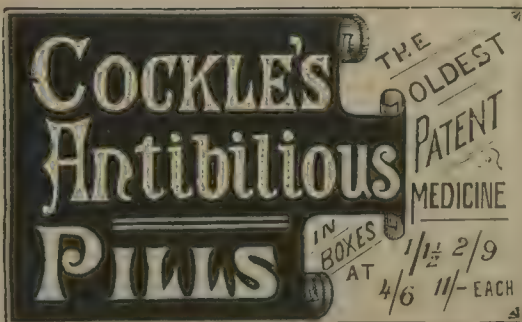
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MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, Feb. 14, at three o'clock, was an interesting one, but the programme was not well arranged. It was inartistic for two funeral marches to follow each other consecutively. It began with the overture of Mendelssohn, "Fingal's Cave," which was beautifully rendered by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. It owes its composition, as does the Scotch Symphony, to a tour through the Highlands that Mendelssohn and his friend Klingemann undertook in 1829; and it is interesting to recall how Mendelssohn himself says that not only the general form and colour of the overture, but also the first few bars containing the principal theme, took shape at sight of the cave. Nor is this a poetical imagination of the composer, for a letter from the Hebrides dated Aug. 7, 1829, begins with the first dozen bars of the work. Mendelssohn was not a quick worker, however, for it was some eighteen months later before the overture was completed in Rome. Even then he complains bitterly that it is stupid, and "the whole working out smells more of counterpoint than of train-oil, sea-gulls, and salt-fish, and must be altered." It was not finally ready until May, and on the 14th of that month it was played at a Philharmonic Concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, and won a very cold, unappreciative reception. The verdict, as is so general with first impressions, was wrong, and the work is now considered to be one of Mendelssohn's very finest compositions. The age of the composer deserves to be noted—he was just twenty.

The Queen's Hall Orchestra also acquitted itself admirably in the Symphony in B minor of Schubert, the unfinished one. It is infinitely saddening. Not only is it haunted with a boyish sorrow—for Schubert was only twenty-six—but it is a conscious sorrow aloof from the sympathy or help of the world. Schubert himself says, "My compositions are the result of my abilities and



SHIPPING THE ANCHOR AT VALETTA.

The photograph illustrates the method of bringing the anchor up from a lighter by means of a temporary derrick. It is then slung to the ship's derrick and conveyed to the anchor's "bill," where it remains on ship-board.

my distress, and those which distress alone has engendered appear to give the world most pleasure." Why the symphony was never finished is one of the secrets of the grave; for Schubert lived six years after completing the allegro and andante, and it is known that he wrote a few bars of the third movement.

The triumph of the concert was the performance of Professor Hugo Becker in the violoncello part of D'Albert's concerto in C major. Mr. D'Albert is one of the most gifted of modern living composers, a pupil of Pauer, Stainer, Prout, and Sullivan. This concerto was first played at Jena, in the autumn of 1899, by Herr Becker, to whom it is dedicated. It resembles the concertos of Liszt in its method of composition, that of playing the different numbers continuously without a break, and owning a community of themes. In fact, the entire concerto is built up on no more than four themes. Herr Becker gave a masterly interpretation of it. The succeeding item was one of a very dull dramatic episode, entitled "Bergliot," of a saga of Harold Hadrada, the illustrative music being written by Grieg. The form of composition, built up on dramatic motifs, is startlingly reminiscent of Wagner; but the result is not very inspiring, probably owing to the dreariness of the recitation, until the Funeral March, which is strikingly beautiful and solemn. Miss Tita Brand, the lady reciter, has a commanding presence and a fine voice, which, unfortunately, she strained at too high and tiring a note. Another Funeral March followed—the Masonic Funeral March of Mozart, composed on the occasion of the death of two brethren of the craft, which Mozart himself had recently joined. It is a very fine, masterly work, scored for the strings, two oboes, one clarinet, one bassethorn, two horns, and one contra-bassoon. The concert ended with the incomparable Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" of Wagner, the concert arrangement of which, by Bülow, included the end of Isolde's "Liebestod." M. I. H.

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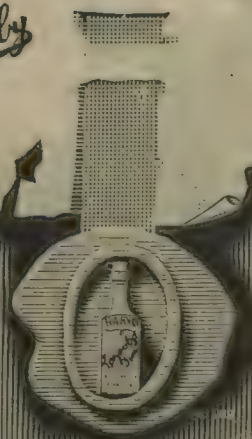
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1901) of Captain Thomas William Vallance, J.P., late 5th Lancers, of Aymers, Lynsted, Kent, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Feb. 9 by Mrs. Catherine Richardson Vallance, the widow, and William Howard Aymer Vallance, James Harcourt Aymer Vallance, and Henry Osborne Aymer Vallance, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £127,675. The testator gives his interest in the brewery at Sittingbourne, with the public-houses and beer-shops, to his sons James Harcourt and Henry Osborne, but charged with the payment of £400 per annum to his wife; the Black Bull Hotel and certain lands to his son William Howard; £5000 and other farms and lands to his son Wilfred Guy; his residence, with the furniture, etc., therein, to his wife for life, and then to his son William Howard; £300 each to the executors; £1000 to his daughter Kate Julie Maddison, and £500 to his daughter Florence Violet Osborne, who are otherwise provided for; £4000 to Catharine Maria Delano Osborne; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then to his sons William Howard and Wilfred Guy.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1898), with a codicil (dated Nov. 2, 1901), of Mr. Edward Hotham Newton, D.L., J.P., of Fulford Park, Fulford, Yorkshire, late chairman of the York City and County Banking Company, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on Feb. 6 by Mrs. Isabella Newton, the widow, Herbert Leeds Swift and Clement Gutch, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £102,239. The testator bequeaths to his wife £500,

and during her widowhood the use and enjoyment of Fulford Hall, with the effects therein, and an annuity of £1000. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his children.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1897), with a codicil (dated March 11, 1901), of Mr. William Pethick, J.P., of Woodside, Stoke Bishop, Bristol, and of Lanoy, Cornwall, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Jan. 30 by Mrs. Ellen Pethick, the widow, William Arthur Pethick, the son, Robert Grieve Sommerville, and Stanley Hugh Badock, the executors, the value of the estate being £79,018. The testator bequeaths £1400 per annum, the household furniture, horses and carriages, and the enjoyment of Woodside and his Cornish residence, to his wife. Subject thereto, all his property is to go to his children.

The will (dated June 8, 1899), with two codicils (dated June 20, 1900, and Oct. 9, 1902), of Mr. Edward Petre, of Whitley Abbey, Coventry, and Samlesbury, Lancaster, who died on Nov. 21, has been proved by the Hon. Albert Henry Petre and Frederic William Broadbent, the value of the estate being £70,820. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Lady Gwendolue Elizabeth Petre; a gold watch and a water-colour painting of her mother to his daughter Lady Lichborne; and £100 to his gardener, Charles Williams. He devises his estate at Lower Darwen to his son Oswald Henry Philip, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, but charged with the payment of £180 per annum to his wife, in addition to her jointure, and of portions for his children Bertram Edward Joseph and Mary

Adela. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Oswald.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1902) of Mr. John Round Tilley, J.P., of The Hill, Edgbaston, who died on Dec. 18, has been proved by Benjamin Bissell Tilley, John William Tilley, and the Rev. Henry Timothy Tilley, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £67,743. The testator devises his property in Temple Row, Birmingham, to his son Benjamin Bissell; and he gives the premises at Black Heath, and his residence, The Hill, to his son John William; and £7000 to his son Henry Timothy. His residuary estate is to be divided between his sons Benjamin Bissell and John William.

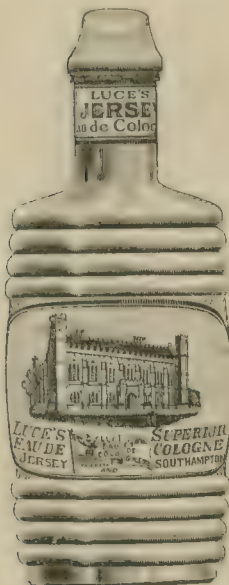
The will (dated Oct. 30, 1902) of Sir Frederick Perkins, formerly M.P. for Southampton, and Sheriff of London, of 2, Grosvenor Square, and 21, Above Bar, Southampton, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Feb. 5 by Dame Mary Ann Perkins, the widow, Harry Hopkins Stratton Perkins, the son, and Bernard Harfield, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £52,453. The testator bequeaths to his son Frederick Graham on his attaining twenty-five years of age one third of the profits of his partnership business, and to his children, Arthur, Theresa, Daisy, Amy, Harry, and Phyllis, the remainder of his share of such profits. He gives to his wife £200, such furniture as she may select, and during her widowhood an annuity of £800, or of £200 should she again marry; to his son Arthur, for life, the oil-painting "Matlock Bath," by Bridell, and then to Tate's Gallery; and a dressing-case, formerly belonging to the danseuse

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A LUXURY
IN WHISKY.

Fanny Elssler, to his son Harry. All other his property he leaves to his eight children.

The will (dated May 25, 1901) of Mr. Edgar Barker, J.P., M.R.C.S., of 21, Hyde Park Street, W., and Lynderswood, Braintree, Essex, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Feb. 6 by Kenyon Charles Shirecliffe Parker, Frederick George Barker, and Ernest Murray Pollock, the value of the real and personal estate being £50,737. The testator bequeaths £200, and the use of 21, Hyde Park Street, with the furniture, to his wife; £200 to his son Gerald Edgar; £50 and an annuity of £150 to his old servant, Proby Cameron; and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves in trust to pay such an annual sum as with her own private means will make up £1800 per annum, to his wife; £1400 per annum to his son; and the ultimate residue is to accumulate for the benefit of his son's children.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1901) of the Hon. Eleanor Julian Long, widow, formerly Maid-of-Honour to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, of 14, Bryanston Square, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on Feb. 7 by the Hon.

Richard Maitland Westenra Dawson, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £49,685. The testatrix gives £5000 to her niece Evelyn Mary Heathcote; £400 to her nephew Edward Arthur Vesey Stanley; £400 each to her great-nieces Lady Edith Ann Dawson and Lady Augusta Mary Dawson; £400 each to her great-nieces Maude Elizabeth, Emily Mary, Augusta Elizabeth, Kaitilin Elizabeth, Nora Phoebe, and Una Mary Dawson; £400 to her great-nephew Richard Long Dawson; £400 each to Nina Emily, Hugh Samuel Rogers, and Mabel Victoria Elliott; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew Richard Maitland Westenra Dawson.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1899) of Lieutenant-General Sir John Stokes, K.C.B., Vice-President of the Suez Canal Company, of Spring House, Ewell, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Jan. 31 by Major Alfred Stokes, R.A., the son, and Harris Bigg-Wither, the value of the estate being £11,001. The testator gives £100 and the household furniture to his daughter Edith; and the residue of his property between his children, Alfred,

Charles Edward, Francis Herbert, Edith, Mrs. Georgina Elizabeth Hamilton, and Mrs. Constance Bigg-Wither.

The "Motor Record," published in pocket-book form by Messrs. John Walker and Co., Limited, "Farringdon House," Warwick Lane, E.C., is as compact as it is practical, and should find a place in the equipment of every "compleat" automobilist. It contains, in addition to space for notes, distances covered, time taken, amount of petrol used, and notes, rules for motorists, a table of speeds, a tabulated form for motor expenses, and a hotel-list.

Past and present members of Oxford and Cambridge Universities will be interested in two medallions just completed by Mr. M. Seeck, 6, Henrietta Street, W.C. The Oxford medal bears on one side the coats-of-arms and dates of foundation of the various colleges, arranged round the coat-of-arms of the University itself, with the inscription, "Oxonia alma mater mea"; on the other a figure of "Learning." The Cambridge medal also gives on one side the symbolic figure; and on the other the coat-of-arms.

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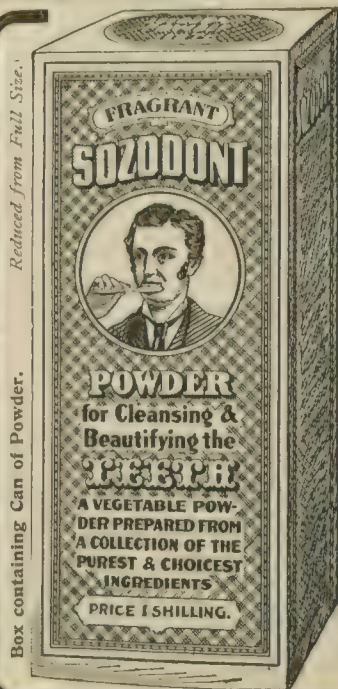
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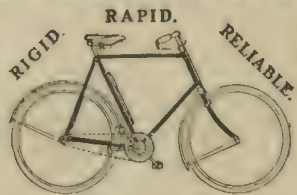
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The presence of Lord Rosebery at the confirmation of the Archbishop of Canterbury reminds us that a warm friendship has long existed between the families of Muirhouse and Dalmeny. The Archbishop's grandfather and Lord Rosebery's grandfather were the best of neighbours, and every autumn Dr. and Mrs. Randall Davidson have been accustomed to spend part of their holiday at Lord Rosebery's Scottish seat. Muirhouse, the Archbishop's ancestral home, is close to Cramond village, which forms part of the Dalmeny property.

The Bishop of Stepney, while in residence at St. Paul's, always shows great kindness in conducting parties of working people, Band of Hope visitors, and others round the famous building. It was amusing on a recent Saturday afternoon to hear him sharply criticising some of the monuments. All of those on the south side he pronounced "in an artistic sense atrocious," and he remarked that in their present form they should never have been placed in a Christian

temple. The Wellington monument he thinks, however, is the finest in the whole of Great Britain.

Bishop Thornton, of Blackburn, has been condemning the present distribution of patronage in the Church of England. In a speech at Liverpool, he said that under present arrangements the clergy are congested in country places where they are not wanted, while in populous city parishes they are sparse and few. The Bishop went so far as to add: "The system of patronage is preposterous, and the worst of it all is the traffic in livings, the buying and selling of the cure of souls. I shall never rest until I have seen that blot erased from the splendid escutcheon of the Church of England."

The Bishop of Worcester's University sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford, on Septuagesima Sunday strikingly confirmed the words of Bishop Thornton. Dr. Gore said he had visited great parishes of 10,000 or 11,000 people in which there was very often only one church and one clergyman. In some country districts, he

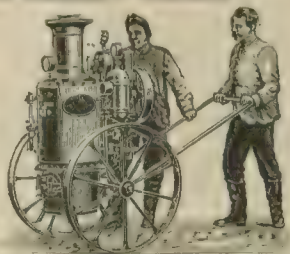
added, parsons were so thick on the ground that there was one to every seventy persons. That was good neither for the seventy nor the one.

The Dean of Windsor has been taking a course of the brine baths at Droitwich, and is now much improved in health. The Bishop of Bath and Wells is also quite recovered. He spent some weeks after Christmas at Weymouth, the Budmouth of Thomas Hardy's novels.

Though the anniversary of the restoration of St. Saviour's, Southwark, was celebrated this week by special services, a good deal remains to be done in the way of repairing and furnishing the old collegiate church. On the notice-board appears a list of wants, together with the sums of money required in each case. First come the items "Restoration Fund (urgent), £6000," and "Repair of Tower, £300." Further down "Bishop's Throne" catches the eye. The estimate for this is actually £500.

MERRYWEATHERS'

"VALIANT"
LIGHT
FIRE
ENGINE
FOR
ESTATES.



Suitable for all
classes
of Pumping.

MERRYWEATHER LONDON. FIG. 2147
"VALIANT" ON TWO-WHEEL CARRIAGE.



Small Size.
Weight 6½ cwt.
Capacity—
100 gals. per
minute.

Large Size.
Weight 11 cwt.
Capacity—
200 gals. per
minute.

Pamphlets and on Show. 63, LONG ACRE, W.C., LONDON.

Indispensable
to all
Travelling
to the
Riviera.

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Inventors, Patentees, Sole Makers,

The "NEW PATENT" EN ROUTE TEA BASKET,

Fitted all Drews' Latest Improvements.

A CUP OF TEA IN A FEW MINUTES.

For two persons, with Silver-plated Kettle ... £3 5s. 6d.
Or with all Fittings Silver-plated ... £4 15s. 6d.

Size closed—13 in. long by 8 in. wide, 10 in. high.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

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NOURISH YOUR HAIR,

Preserve, Restore, and Beautify it,
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ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL.

For Fair or Grey Hair use

GOLDEN MACASSAR OIL. Sizes: 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

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Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath.

Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and

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D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND
ORGANS. All Improvements.

Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms.
20 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottage
from 7 guineas; iron-framed, full trichord Piano
from 12/6 per month. Organs from 4 guineas.
Full price paid allowed within three years,
exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Estd. 118 years).
91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.
Open till 7. Saturdays 3.



PETERS & SONS
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS
TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
LONDON.

SEEGER'S

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

HAIR DYE

Of all Hair-dressers, 2/-, or plain sealed case, post free, 2/6. HINDS, LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

ASTHMA CURE
GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, and Oppression immediately relieved by these CIGARETTES. All Chemists, or Post Free, 1s. 6d. WILCOX & CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

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Can now be treated Hygienically by use of

"SILKY-FIBRE" ASEPTIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

DESTROYED AFTER USE, PREVENT INFECTION, AND LESSEN THE LEVY OF THE LAUNDRESS.

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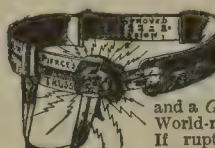
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THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.

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Torch gives 6,000
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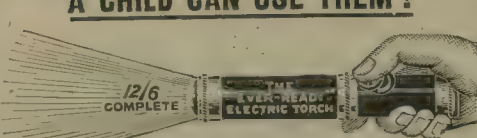
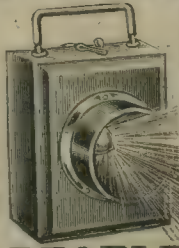
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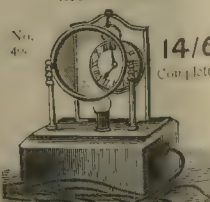
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WATCH STAND AND
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Fitted with long cord, so that
time can be seen from a distance.

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Complete.

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CURE****THE WORST COUGH****"IF YOU CANNOT SLEEP"**

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THE EAU DE COLOGNE TO ASK FOR IS

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The astounding success of this Australian discovery has given birth to many vastly inferior imitations. It is always the aim of the unscrupulous dealer to play on the reputation of Bile Beans, and to secure large profits at the expense of his customer.

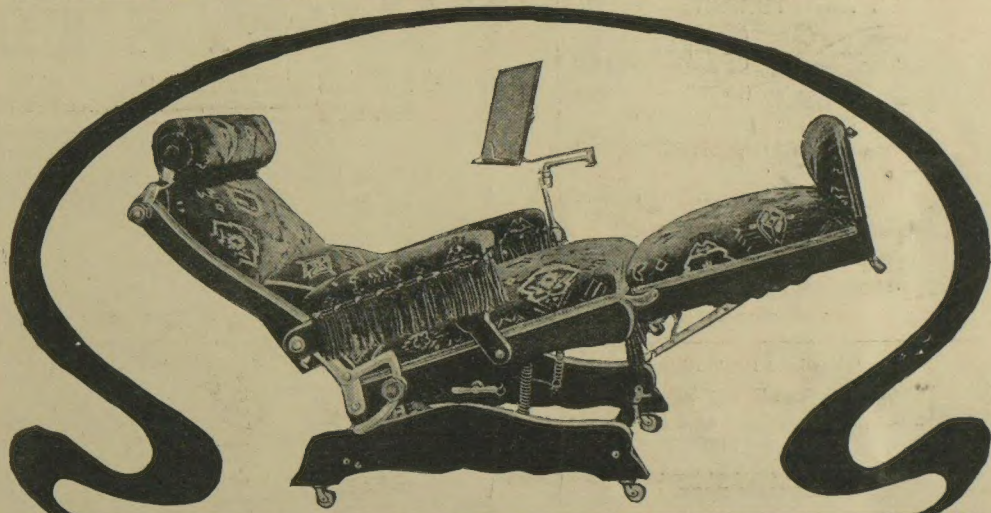
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is a combination of CHOCOLATE and MELLIN'S FOOD, and its healthful and palatable qualities are unequalled by any sweetmeat. It is appreciated by young and old.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, IN 6d. PACKETS ONLY.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

**A Nest for Rest****Foots' Patent
ADJUSTABLE CHAIR**

THE "MARLBOROUGH,"

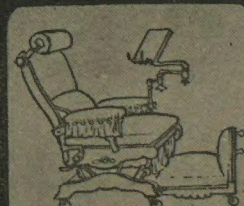
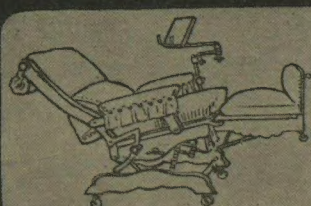
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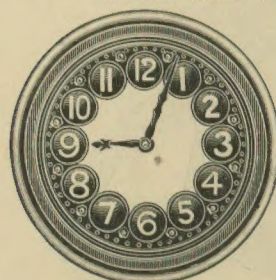


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By Appointment to
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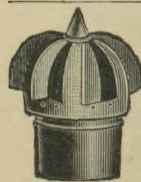
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Outside diam., 24 in.
Convex Figures—
White on Blue Ground.
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Time by Day;
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£12 10s.

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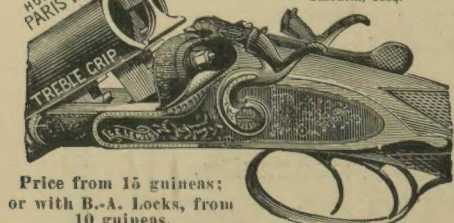
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An Instant and Permanent Cure. The largest sale
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free, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can obtain relief.
It will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

Makes the Skin Soft as Velvet.

BEETHAM'S 'JAROLA'

Is Unequalled for Preserving
THE SKIN & COMPLEXION
FROM THE EFFECTS OF
FROST, COLD WINDS, AND HARD WATER.
IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, TAN,
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AND KEEPS THE SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE AT ALL
SEASONS.
Gentlemen will find it wonderfully soothing
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Bottles 6d. (post free 8d.), 1s., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 6d. each, of all Chemists, and
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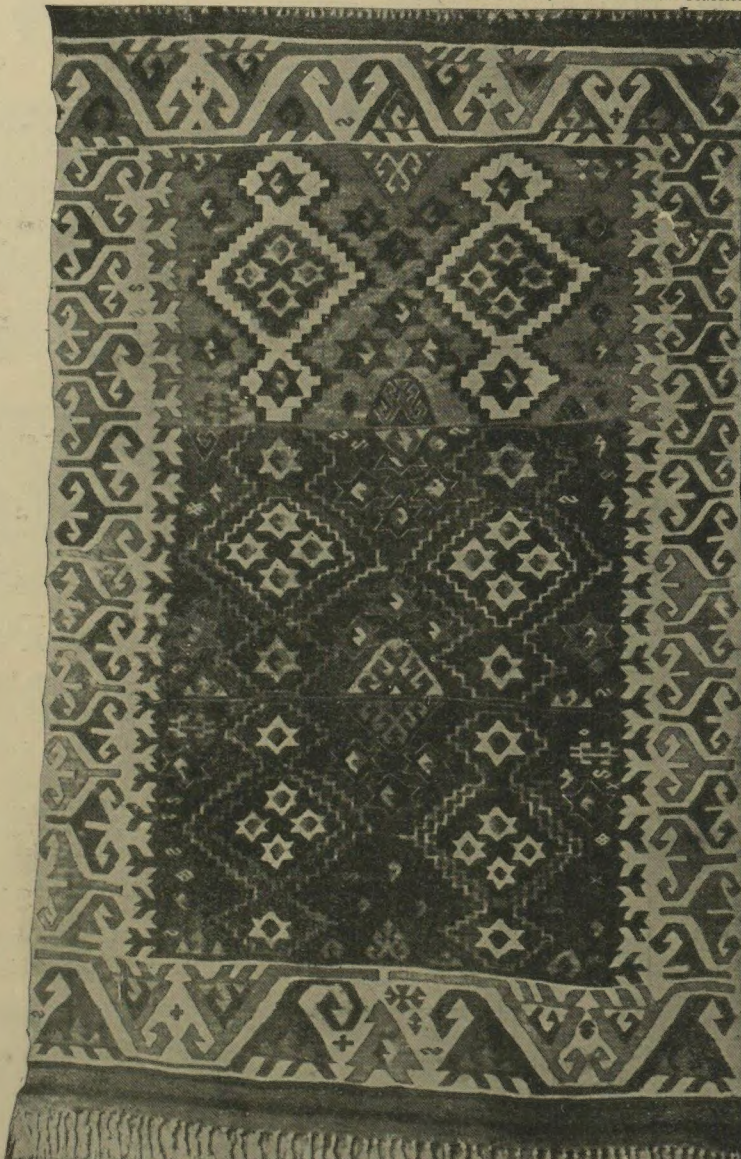
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TRELOAR & SONS have just received a shipment of Carpets and Floor Rugs, purchased by a member of the firm in Constantinople and
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Antique Koula Rugs.

Rarities.

Fine Kazaks.

Thick Pile.

Old Daghestans.

Mellowed in Colour.

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Fine Selection.

Anatolian Kelims.

Used also as Portières.

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As shown in illustration.

Somacs.

Close Textures.

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Rugs.

Fine Examples.

Bokhara Rugs.

Artistic.

Shipments of Turkey,
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Carpets are also
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Any Carpet sent on
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customers.

CATALOGUES,
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Floor Coverings
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Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed
Wear.

THE Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS

Will Not Split in the Seams | Nor Tear in the Fabric.
Made in White, Black, and all the
Fashionable Colours and Shades, in
Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil;
4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d.,
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THREE GOLD MEDALS.
"The best make of Corsets is the
Y & N."—Gentleman.

CAUTION.
See that the Registered Trade Mark,
"Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM,"
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Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Out-
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10 Gns. to 19 Gns., or
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"The best bicycle that
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The DEAN OF CARLISLE writes:

"Sir— . . . I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout
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simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after
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THE TRUE UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR THE CURE OF
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ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR
TWO TO THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT.

Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists. Wholesale Depot,
F. COMAR and SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Descriptive Pamphlet, containing Testimonials, post free on Application.

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair
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WAYERS

Baldness & Failing Hair

A loose-fitting scalp, permitting a
free circulation of blood and proper
nourishment of hair-roots, is the
only condition under which your
hair can be restored and retained.
Age thins and tightens the scalp,
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pressed. Dandruff ensues through
defective circulation. This can be
remedied by a few minutes' daily
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AUTO-MASSEUR

(Scalp Invigorator),

which ensures a loose-fitting and
healthy scalp. Price 12/6 com-
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(enclosing 1d. stamp) for details.

AUTO-MASSEUR CO.

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142, West Nile Street. GLASGOW.



LOVELY
LAUNDERED
LINEN
BY
PARCEL
POST
WITHIN A
WEEK.
To secure a Pure Colour and
Perfect Finish
Gentlemen are sending their
**SHIRTS, COLLARS
& CUFFS**
from all parts of the Kingdom to
Gleniffer Laundry, PAISLEY,
and
**Castlereagh Laundry,
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HEWETSONS' REBUILDING SALE

Not an Annual,
but their
Second Sale
in 70 years.

Not an Annual,
but their
Second Sale
in 70 years.

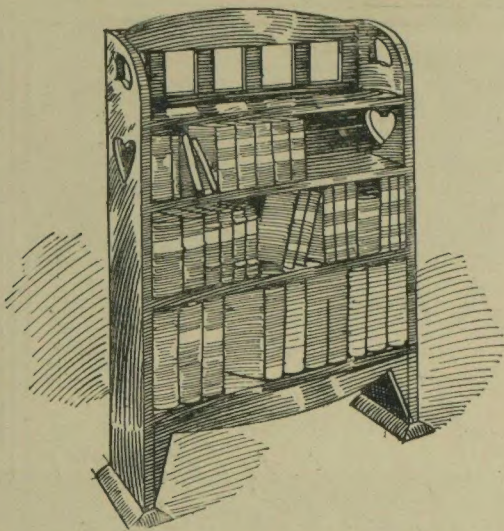
The
Furnishing
Event
of 1903.

NOW PROCEEDING.

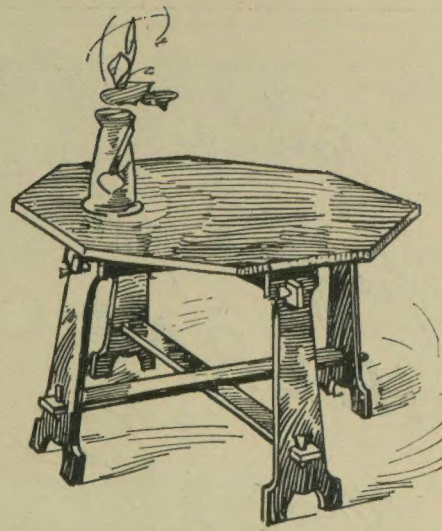
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CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, CURTAINS, &c.

An opportunity unlikely to recur is afforded to buyers for the Spring by the unrepeatable Bargains in these Departments; whilst the Removal, Cleaning, Renovating, and Replacing of the existing Carpets, Curtains, and other Fabrics—so essential a part of **SPRING CLEANING**, is also executed by **HEWETSONS** with promptitude, efficiency, and economy.



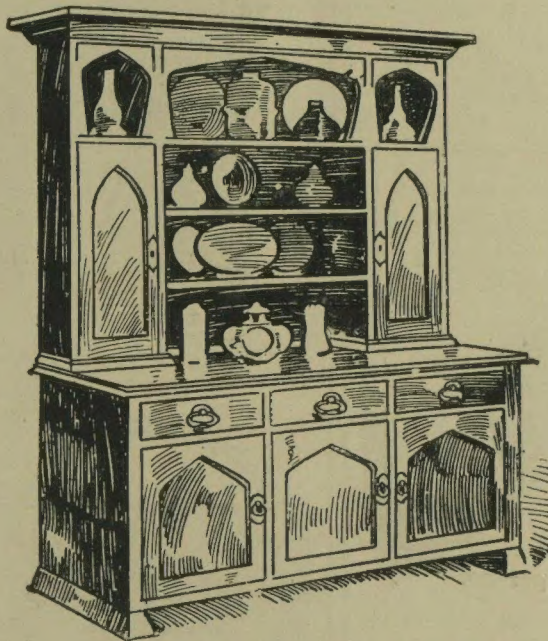
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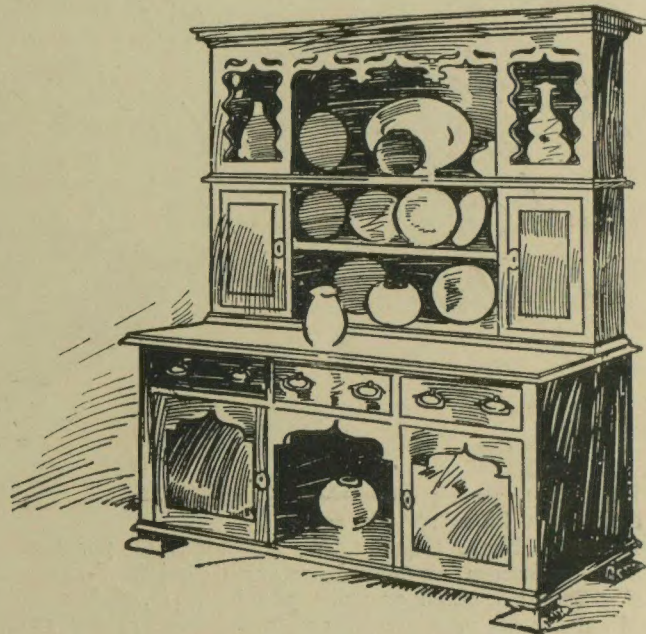
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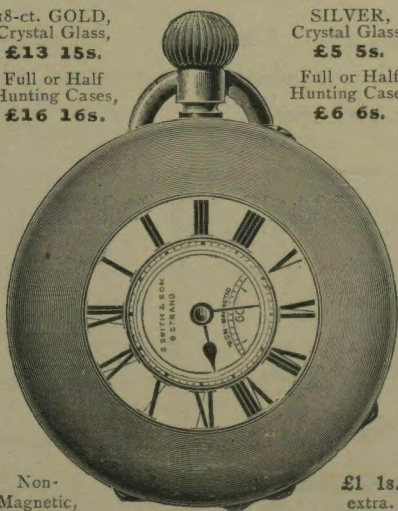
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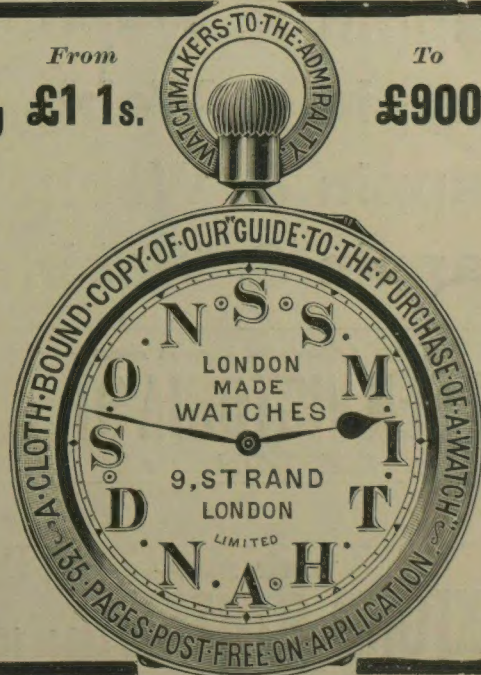
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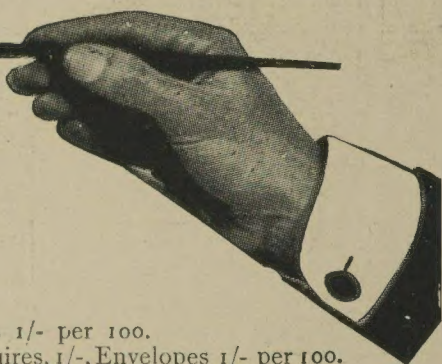
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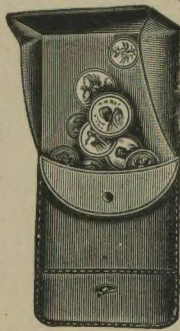
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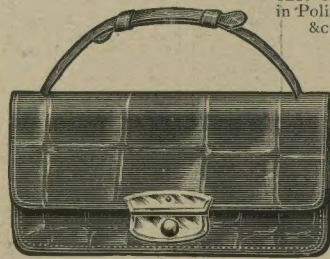
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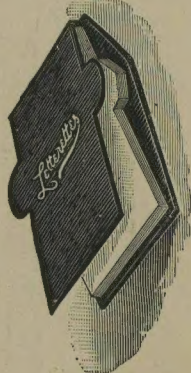
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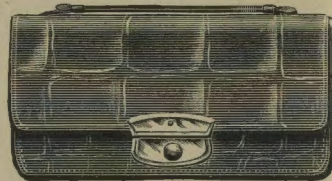
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